

Go Metric
2609L Village Court
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U.S.A.

BLACK OAK
POP 309



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GO METRIC

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TIM
BURTON

BOND
VILLAINS



ISSUE
12
SUMMER
2000



There is much to share and little space with which to work so, begging your pardon, I shall set aside the "craft" for which this publication is noted and leap (lapse?) into the use of a list:

- This issue marks *GM!*'s fifth anniversary (that's 1995, for those of you without a calculator or abacus handy) and, at 48 pages, it also marks our biggest issue yet.
- *GM!* HQ have moved. See the contact information to the right for details
- We're #99! We're #99! Yes, according to the latest *Zine Guide* poll, *GM!* is the 99th most popular zine, up from last year's #129 (and surely we're the only zine humble enough to mention such statistics in its pages). Do those oversized, foam-like hands you Yanks are so fond of come in a 99-finger model?
- Finally, there is the matter of my triumphant return to *GM!*'s helm. Longtime readers may recall that I first joined the staff in the fall of '97 (#8). For two years I toiled to get the zine back on track. Once this was accomplished I returned the reins to a certain nameless staff member who promptly tossed our production schedule in the dustbin. The GenTech board of directors took note and, in their infinite wisdom, dispatched me to put out the proverbial fires.

So good to be back in the states.
--Terry Sheldrake/VP Acquisitions/
Pharmaceuticals -GenTech Industries
Editor-GM!



Matt Ayers
Tom Cassar
John David Cawley
Brian Cogan
Jef Czekaj
Mike Faloon
Michael Galvin
Frank Leone
Rev. Norb
Heather Peavey-Leone
Steve Reynolds
Waymon Timbsdayle

Obtaining issues of Go Metric!

1 issue: \$2 (\$3 outside of North America)
Subscriptions: An admittedly foolish notion in light of how often this zine comes out but if you're a patient gal or guy, send \$4 and we'll see that you get the next 2 issues. We're slow but we do keep accurate books. Or, send us your email address & we'll drop you a line when the next issue comes out.

Send the appropriate number of greenbacks to:

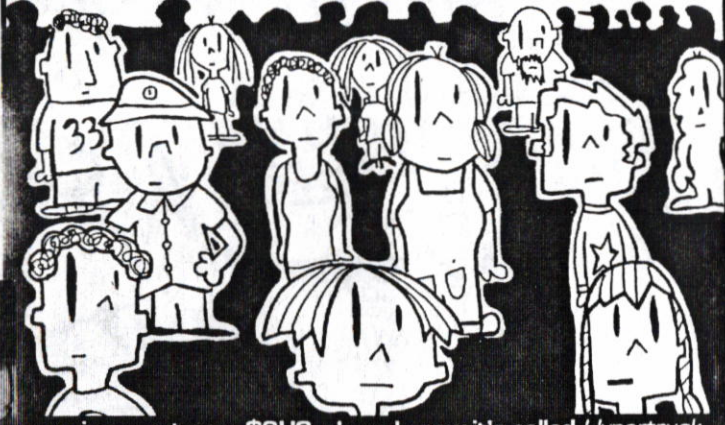
Go Metric
c/o Mike Faloon
2609L Village Court
Raleigh, NC 27607

Email to
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(Don't send checks made out to Go Metric. There is no Go Metric bank account. If the prospect of sending cash makes you uncomfortable, send a money order, preferably a postal money order, payable to Mike Faloon.)

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gogometric@yahoo.com

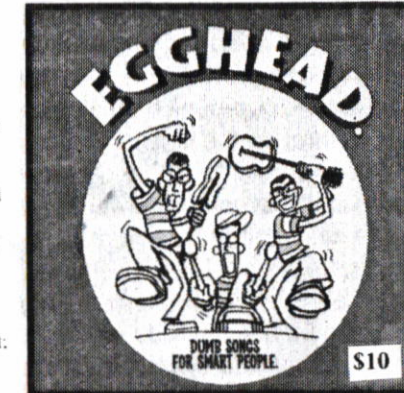
R2-D2=INDIE ROCKER



new issue out now. \$3US. oh yeah, now it's called *Hypertruck*.
jef czekaj, box 440422, somerville, ma 02144-0006 usa.
www.highwaterbooks.com www.anchorhormen.com

New stuff!

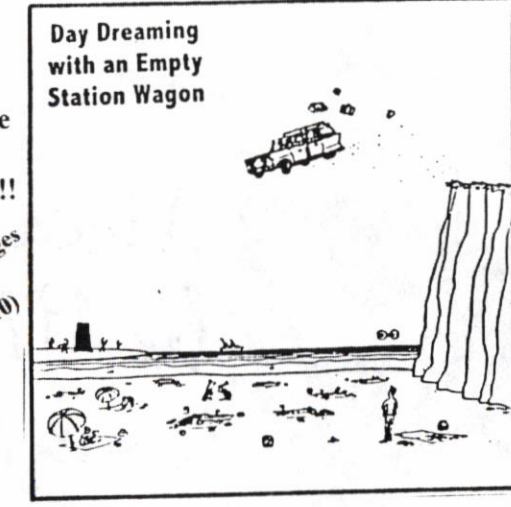
The old songs:
She's Coming Back;
Cosmo & Vogue;
Neighborhood Palm
Reader; Rookie Year;
First Flight to the
Moon; Jetpack;
Donna's Always Mad
at Me; Data Entry;
Jane Airhead; Books.
The new songs:
Not Everything that
Smells Good, Tastes
Good; My Apartment;
Breakaway Luge;
Hong Kong.



Egghead. - Dumb Songs for Smart People - CD (MP-510)
At long last, Egghead, on CD. 14 songs on the Mutant Pop imprint. Cover art, as always, by Dave Palmer. 20-page booklet with lots of photos of one of rock's best looking bands.

Now
available
on
8-track!!!

Two cartridges
\$10
(DZ010)



V/A - Day Dreaming with an Empty Station Wagon
No, your eyes do not deceive you. We, Dizzy Records, are offering to you, member of the music-consuming public, an 8-track version of our much-celebrated *Day Dreaming* various artists collection. Yes, this is the year 2000 and yes, we are stone cold sober but when we learned that it was possible to have 8-tracks made in this day and age, we were unable to resist. The 8-track duplicating services were provided by Tosk Recordings, a Vancouver, B.C.-based outfit run by Scott Livingstone (who also drums for the Evaporators and Thee Goblins). Why two cartridges? Because at 60 minutes, the *Day Dreaming* collection is too long for the tapes Scott uses (which are about 44 minutes in length). So, the two 8-track set includes all 23 tracks from the CD version *plus* The Keatonz' "Go West" and about 20 minutes of SCTV skits (audio only). All we ask is the following: \$10 and a signed statement attesting to the fact that you, the purchaser, do in fact own a fully-functional 8-track player. These cartridges shall not be used as door stops!

Old Dizzy Favorites!!!

V/A - Day Dreaming with an Empty Station Wagon CD (DZ009)
Yes, the CD version is still available. Young Fresh Fellows, Figgs, Junior Varsity, Shakes, Dorks, Rondelles, Decibels, Dirt Bike Annie, Garage Sale, Kung Fu Monkeys, Sea Monkeys, Dick Army, In Crowd, the infamous "Snowbeast" rock opera (Tortillas You Wanted)...too much to mention here. Third and final installment in the series. **23 bands, \$5**

Sticklers/Kung Fu Monkeys - Split 7" (DZ008)
Hawaii and New York square off in this punk pop battle. The Sticklers offer "rough-edged yet tasty lo-fi pop punk" (Timbo, Mutant Pop) while KFM counter with side-long ode to Hawaii, including a cover of the Kinks' "Holiday to Wakiki." 3 tunes from each band & a booklet for your reading pleasure. **\$3**

V/A - Shot Putting in an Empty Stadium - Tape (DZ007)
Second compilation in the series. Dirt Bike Annie, Kiss Olls, Junior Varsity, Egghead, Kung Fu Monkeys, Hissyfits, Injections, Twerps, Garage Sale, Dorks, In Crowd, Chefs of the Future & more. **25 bands, \$3**

Soapbox Racers - Tweemo 96-96 - Tape (DZ006)
Some of the kids would call this "twice," others would label it "indie pop." We say they're all correct. Dig the SBR sounds! Sometimes it's a late '60s/early '70s AM radio style, other times they kick on the distortion pedal and give things a '90s flavor. Herman's Hermits meets Tullycraft? Yes! You don't own enough music made by Oklahomans! #2 in our "boxset" cassette series. **\$3**

The Dorks - Spend an Evening with... - Tape (DZ005)
Are you woman/ man enough to handle this much pop punk? We doubt it! Prove us wrong! You like the Teen Idols, Vindictives and/or Queers? Than this shall please you immensely. Known to fans as the "boxset" (and for good reason, it's the first installment in our "boxset" cassette series), this offers nearly 60 minutes of bliss! Winner of gold medals. **\$3**

V/A - Food Shopping on an Empty Stomach - Tape (DZ001)
The tape that launched our wee label and our series of confusingly named compilations. Mysterians, Egghead, Dorks, Trxie Belden, Wrench, Thirsty, milf, and more. Includes a bonus track that is worth the price of admission. **16 bands, \$3**

ZISK zine!!!

Baseball is the best of sports, approach it with a sense of humor and you have *Zisk*, a zine by and for baseball fans.

#1 - An interview with Richie Zisk, plus articles on Camden Yards; Sammy Sosa & Sammy Davis Jr.; Baseball's Best Broadcasters; Baseball Card-itis; Who Deserves to be in the Hall?; and the Lost Art of the Complete Game. **32 p., \$1**

#2 - Pete Rose: Professional Wrestler; A Try Out with the Mariners; Commissioner for a Day; Rants from the Upper Deck; The Strange but True Tale of Phil Douglas; and the Zisk Pitching Index. **28 p., \$1**

Send cash or a
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Mike Faloon).
Outside of North
America please
add \$2 for first
item, \$1 for each
additional.



Dizzy Records
2609L Village Court
Raleigh, NC 27607

gogometric@yahoo.com

Sorry for taking so long to return my half of the trade
Thank for helping - Mike
PS You've got a cool looking Zine!

The guitar sounds straddle the line between '60s psychedelia and '90s indie rock, and I suppose the vocals do the same (though from time to time a bit of Ray Davies-ness pops up, I like that). Lyrically, Greg, who writes and performs everything here, seems to go for the profound which is a slippery slope, one that, to my ears, slides into pretense and ultimately undermines the whole affair. (Greg Pier - Box 7204, Syracuse, NY 13210)

The Mercury Program - From the Vapor of Gasoline CD
Actually those vapors are the smell of fusion jazz, not gasoline. The Mercury Program use their vibraphone a lot, which is very cool but not enough to carry these songs. Music for people who work in music stores. (Tiger Style - 140 Wooster St., 4th Fl., NY, NY 10012)

Minmae - Vonsachiang CD
It drives me bonkers when bands go out of their way to obscure themselves, making it difficult, if not impossible, to figure out song titles and band personnel. Minmae have taken this practice to new heights, or depths. Neither the booklet nor the tray card contain a single piece of text. Zilch. Only the little photocopied insert provides any clues. And if the whole thing were as good as the opening cut, "Of Sapience and Design," I'd probably be willing to play along. But minimalist indie rock gives way to wandering experimentalism and one track in 18 is not enough to keep me in the game. (Airborne Virus - Box 16207, San Diego, CA 92176)

Mixelpricks - Livestock at Large CD EP
"South Dakota" contains references to *Field of Dreams*, positive review in the bag! Like a lot of pop punk bands, they come across as really nice guys having a good time while waiting for something to work out with a certain chick. Only, there is a strand of melancholy that runs through these songs and moves the Mixelpricks away from and above the pop punk pack. The occasional use of organ helps too. A good soundtrack for a rainy day. (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

The Peabodys - Are Chick Repellent CD EP, Dilemma 7" EP
I knew I'd like the Peabodys before I heard a note of their music, or rather, heard a note I could hear clearly. When I saw them perform in a gym last summer, they put on a great show, with their energy and humor cutting through the super-reflecto acoustics. Plus, they're named after Mr. Peabody, they had to rock. Well, I assumed. For the life of me I couldn't make a note of what they did... until now! These EPs prove that my hunch was right, the Peabodys are a swell pop punk outfit with Eric's helium-laced vocals being the icing on the cake. A most welcome addition to the MP roster. (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Poster Children - DDD CD
Sci-fi flicks always come up short when they try to approximate how music will sound in the future. Maybe sci-fi directors should contact the Poster Children. *DDD* sounds like the future. Propulsive and exhilarating yet firmly under control, adhering to a predetermined flight plan. Music for the launch pad! (spinART - Box 1798, NY, NY 10156)

The Registrators - Sixteen Wires from the New Provocate LP
The title and cover art suggest that the Registrators wanted to break away from the pack and release a classic. Toward that end, sonically, they dipped into the waters of late '70s British punk. Shades of XTC and the Jam surface but it's the Buzzcocks influence that is most evident, to the point where several songs sound like Buzzcocks covers. So, yeah, you know where they're coming from but their Rutle-like reverence doesn't get in the way of the songs. It may not be a new provocate but it's a really, really good one. (Rip Off - 581 Maple, San Bruno, CA 94066)

Kimberley Rew - Tunnel into Summer CD
Rew was in the Soft Boys and Katrina & the Waves and one of his tunes was covered by the Bangles! Despite nearly 25 years in the business this is his first solo record and it's a dandy. *Tunnel* is wonderfully carefree, timeless, and brimming with bright, blue sky pop songs. Clearly, he drinks from the same water supply as former bandmate Robyn Hitchcock (who makes a couple of appearances), but Rew maintains his own voice throughout. Excellent. (Gadfly - Box 5231, Burlington, VT 05402)

Ruth's Hat - Bye Bye Love CD
I really enjoy this CD but must confess that Ruth's Hat's charms once eluded me. Once I saw them live, however, it all fell into place--the Sloan brothers' harmonies, the matching bowling shirts, the band's being comprised of two Americans and three Canadians (should they add another Canadian, they'll be 4-6 Canadian and have sufficient Canadian content to qualify for perks galore from the Canadian government) (there must have been some way to convey that without using the word "Canadian" four times), and yeah, their "nice guys with bad luck" punk pop. Though a bit long at 17 songs, this remains one of the best Mutant Pop releases. (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Sacred Monkeys of Bali - Afterthought CD EP
The lead track is a first class indie rock number, topped off with beautiful power pop backing vocals. The balance of the EP steps down from that plateau (steps down, mind you, doesn't fall down), offering good, fuzzy indie rock. Pavement without the suffocating hipsterism. (Desafinado/God, Visibly Nervous - 668 President St., Brooklyn, NY 11215)

Sicko - A Brief History of CD
Sicko were a wonderful thing. They wrote the book on smart, nice guy pop punk. Sure, nearly all of the bands that tried to emulate them came up short but that only attests to the fact that Sicko were practitioners of a sound many others wanted to achieve but could not, it certainly won't diminish Sicko's legacy. They appreciated the craft of songwriting and were disciplined enough to perform and record their songs with excellence, all without losing sight of the fact that being in a band should be fun. *Brief History* closes the book on Sicko, rounding up a slew of non-LP tracks in addition to the band's last show. It also gives pop historians one more chapter to consider when giving Sicko their proper place in the top tier of music from the '90s. Sicko will forever be a wonderful thing. (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

The Smurfs - Got the Blues 7" EP
I'm surprised this isn't on Mutant Pop. Los Smurfs wear their influences on their sleeves, hell, they wave flags proclaiming "We enjoy and try to sound like the Queens and Automatics" but they do it right. They are high on spirit (and tv show references), low on budget, and tear through nine songs on this slab of wax. With the Queens on hiatus and the Autos having changed gears, there's no one else zipping out this brand of pop punk and the Smurfs fill the niche quite well! (Billy/Thousand Island Records - 2306 Fontaine Ave., Charlottesville, VA 22903)

Snuff - Numb Nuts CDEP
Here's a phrase rarely uttered: More trombone! Seriously, this is decent ska-ish pop punk but it works best when the brass is present. More horns, especially trombone, would spice things up nicely. (Fat Wreck - Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690)

The Spongetones - Odd Fellows CD
The Spongetones are nearly mythical in pop circles, I hear/read about them often yet have never heard them (aside from one tune, "She Goes Out With Everybody," on Rhino's *Poptopia* series). This record is more '70s power pop than '60s Mersey beat (more Big Star than Beatles) and nothing less than spectacular. Few albums in history can boast a string of pop gems that shine as brightly as "Boy Meets Girl," "On the Wings of a Nightingale," and "Dark Brown Eyes." The song writing is wonderful, the harmonies are exquisite, and the performances reflect a band having a great time. Splendid in every regard. (Gadfly - Box 5231, Burlington, VT 05402)

Western Electric - Western Electric CD
Sid Griffin used to front the Long Ryders. He also wrote a biography on Gram Parson. Knowing that you'd expect, and receive, a country-flavored affair. If all of the songs hit the spot like "Everything" and "Memory Captures Time," I'd be in their corner with great enthusiasm. As it is, most of the cuts are too laid back to light my bulb. Truth is, I'm probably too young to appreciate such steal guitar-colored mellowness. (Gadfly - Box 5231, Burlington, VT 05402)

The Wontons - Let's Wok! 7" EP
Unbridled garage rockin' idiocy from Sifu Dean (1-4-5's, Poopiehead, Teen Titans), Sifu Matt (Junior Varsity), and Sifu Randy (not sure what's on his resume but I give him credit for having great taste). Rougher around the edges than the acts listed above but there's no denying it's a blood relationship all the way. Appetizing! (Screaming Apple - Dustemichstr, 14, 50939 Koln, Germany)

XTC - Wasp Star (Apple Venus Vol. 2) CD
Andy Partridge & Colin Moulding have long since earned their doctorates in pop craftsmanship but they have kind of coasted through their past two records, both of which veered too close to that fine line between easy going and easy listening. *Wasp* continues down a similar path but much more on target, with hooks that pop more consistently and snappy production tailored to each track. XTC have not sounded this fresh in ages. *Wasp* exceeded this fan's expectations and has me hoping it is the beginning of another resurgence for XTC. (TVT - 23 E. 4th St., NY, NY 10003)

Section I: Summer/Fall 1999. Section II: Winter 2000. Section III: Spring 2000. Updated tally = 105 releases. And now, a rarity for *Go Metric!* readers: blank space...

La Pagina de los Readers' Letters!

Hey Mike,
The illustration on the front of the new *Go Metric* (#11) graces the entrance of the Doctoral Department of Public Administration at American University. Most are taken with the "Up with Bureaucracy" slogan. I, of course, opt to support the dominant paradigm.

I went to see the Buzzcocks last night. Those guys are about 107 years old but they schooled every other band on the ticket (Lunachicks, urgh) and Down by Law (not totally shabby)). It's a good show if it passes your way.

I think I'm due to send another bunch of stamps your way to help ensure my future enjoyment of *Go Metric!*

Take care,
Chuck Rainville
Washington, D.C.

Go Metric Subscription Department,

Well, I was warned of the impending Stalinist purge of the mailing list (*GM!* #9), but did I listen? I mean, who takes Stalinist urges seriously these days, anyway? Having found out issue #10 will be my last, I've decided to end months of idly sitting by and decided to take action. I only pray it's not too late. I would hate to miss out on the intellectual debates (i.e. merits of *Starship Troopers*), thought-provoking commentary and the willingness to tackle controversial issues (like whether Servotron are actually robots) that define *Go Metric!* And there's also *GM!*'s ability to provide a moral lesson in a heartwarming and non-threatening way each issue (sorta like *Touched by an Angel*, without all those angels). I guess it's kinda funny too.

I've sent a Damn Yankees card and picture of the Washington Generals as trade for future issues. Just in case you don't see the value in my offerings (and I don't see how you couldn't), I've sent some stamps.

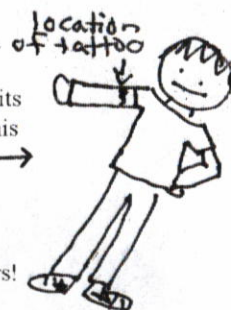
Thanks,
Garrett Babin
Chalmette, LA

Mr. and Mrs. Go Metric:
Hey! Alright! A new issue of *Go Metric!* One of the few great zines in existence! Right now I'm listening to the Shangri-Las, one of my favorite girl groups of all time.

Important notes on *Go Metric*® #11:

- 1) Queen. Ack! No!
- 2) Re: venture capitalism. I know someone who wants to get as many digits of π as possible around his arm like this:
- 3) Yay! Ghoulies interviews are go! Especially in-depth, long interviews like yours!
- 4) I like it! Good work!

Keep up the good work,
Madeline/Tight Pants
Wauwatosa, WI



RECOMMENDED ZINES!

There are many fine fanzines. I'm plugging these because they're among my favorites and because somehow each one has been hornswoggled into allowing me to contribute to their pages. Despite that lapse in judgment, they're all top drawer!

Angst & Daises - Box 616, Buffalo, NY 14207-0616 (\$2)

Chicken is Good Food - Box 642634, San Francisco 94164 (\$3)

Spank - 1004 Rose Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50315-3000 (\$3)

SchUeLL - Box 4663, Lafayette, IN 47903 (\$2)

RECOMMENDED COMPILATIONS!

Break-Up! Records' Guide to Entertaining CD

11 bands, 2 songs each! Big Hello, Dirt Bike Annie, Pat Dull & his Media Whores, Pop Quiz, 84 Nash, Revelers, Heartdrops, and Kung Fu Monkeys. (Break-Up! - Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

Chic-A-Go-Go: The Soundtrack! CD

As enjoyable and eclectic as the tv show! Pansy Division, Kelly Hogan, Pantyraid, Cats and Jammers, Kim, Goblins, Davie Allan, Kung Fu Monkeys, plus Ratso interview snippets with Lemmy, Jello Biafra, the Shirelles, the Donnas, and more! (Beluga - 1532 N. Milwaukee Ave., #203, Chicago, IL 60622)

Grease: The Not So Original Soundtrack from the Motion

PictureCD Better than the originals! Better than the Less Than Jake versions! Boris the Sprinkler, J-Church, Parasites, Dirt Bike Annie, Bicycles, Nothing Cool, Connie Dungs, Mixelpricks, Sheldrakes, Kung Fu Monkeys, and more. (Dummy Up - Box 642634, San Francisco, CA 94164)

Queen RULED

IRATE LETTER TO THE EDITOR

by Waymon Timbsdayle

(The second installment in our on-going series of Queen appreciation articles.)



After reading an article in a recent edition of your so called magazine by a so called owner of a so called record label that dismissed all but a handful of Queen albums as worthless, I felt compelled to write. The exclusion of the LP, *Jazz* was not only an oversight, but I'd go as far as to say BLASPHEMOUS. Please do not hide behind the flaccid skirt of "The opinions expressed do not reflect those of this magazine," for it is far to late for that, as I am canceling my subscription post haste. My only regret is that I cannot do so in some mystical retro-active manner that would allow me to have never had my sensibilities insulted by said heinous article. As you fish through your couch cushions scrounging up my refund, it would be my pleasure, no, make that my duty, to inform you why "Jazz" is not only Queen's finest hour, but perhaps one of the finest albums of all time.

Quite obviously the "hits" on this glorious slab of vinyl are the 1-2 knockout punch of "Fat Bottomed Girls" and "Bicycle Race." Though not actually back to back (the sublime "Jealousy" buffers the bottoms and bike seats), the songs cross reference each other lyrically, and the only non-abstract pictorial image on the gatefold album cover is a clip art-esque molding of said fat bottomed girls on said bicycles (though it should be noted that fetishists, R. Crumb for example, wouldn't be particular impressed with the bottom fatness of these drawings, but that's a debate for another day.) The pure magic and joy in these tunes is undeniable and even Sir Mix-A-Lot would have to bow down to the butt-reverential power of this "Bohemian Ass-psody." "Fat Bottom Girls" actually casts shadows over such future classics as "Baby Got Back," "Rumpshaker" and "Back That Thing Up" by actually somehow infusing the tune with an air of wholesomeness, an innocent, clean and (despite Freddie's veddy British teeth) All-American vibe that really makes this the Greatest Booty Song of All Time. When Redd Foxx, in his only charting LP, declared, "You Got To Wash Your Ass," he was speaking to all booty-tunesmiths except for Mercury, May and Co. Their collective ass was spotless!

Speaking of ass, much has been made of the sexual preference of Mr. Mercury, and I, for one, don't know exactly what "his story" was. Yes I know a fairly comprehensive documentary was aired on the VH1 television network, but I found it impossible to watch as it was narrated by one of my least favorite "people" from "back in the day," Mr. Henry Rollins. The irony of Freddie Mercury's story being told by the man who used to hurl sexual preference epithets (the other "F" word) at me while pummeling me before, after, and sometimes during Black Flag shows was too much for me to stomach. Suffice to say, my assumption has always been that Mercury was omniseual. But even if one could successfully document that Mercury was completely non-Hetero, there is absolutely no denying the genuine and

Attention Deficit - Gets Poked in the Eye CD

Pop punk that is smart, catchy, unapologetically dorky and, not coincidentally, quite good. I'd indulge in a longer review but, well, given their name, brief is better (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Bedford - Smiles are the Batteries CD, 4-way Split CD

You! These gents blast out of the gates, guns a-blazin' with a riveting pop punk song. It's not a new sound but it is one we don't hear often, think Action Patrol, Fracture, or Dag Nasty. The rest of *Smiles* (Keystone Ember) touch on the same approach but don't scale the same heights (their Violent Femmes cover, "American Music," included). *Bedford* return with a greater consistency on a 4-way split CD (4 bands and 4 labels, imagine the book keeping on that!) They bat lead off and get on base 4 out of 5 times. *The Supereighteen* offer a so-so five. Their indie-laced emo pop goes 0 for 5 in trying to move the runner over (note: they cover Elvis Costello's "Everyday I Write the Book"). *Sometimes Seven* are one of the few bands who successfully incorporate a Weezer influence ("Things Better" contains echoes of "Surf Wax America"). In the number three spot they drive a double to the gap and manage a couple of bloop singles. There are a few holes in their swing (mostly the result of dull production values) but they're a promising prospect. *The Floatation Walls* are all over the map. At their best they whip up a delightfully dorky new wave number (I'd list song titles had the band bothered to list them) and an intoxicating vaudeville tune that is equal parts Freddie Mercury and Spike Jones. They also stumble into sub-Chili Peppers funk (track #19) and a lame, "aren't we wacky" novelty number (#21). Like many clean up hitters, they'll either homer or strike out. Overall, this is a varied, worthy record. (Keystone Ember - Box 1798, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702; Microcosm - Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293)

Billy Mahonie - The Big Dig CD

Opening your CD with a five-minute instrumental is a bold move, not a smart move, but a bold one nonetheless. Turns out that Billy Mahonie had little choice as seven of the nine songs are instrumentals four minutes or longer. From the quantitative we turn to the qualitative: *The Big Dig* is a big bore, sleep-inducing and not very different from track to track. (Too Pure/Beggar's Banquet)

Boris the Sprinkler - Live Cincinnati 1999 CD

Good performance and recording (though the guitar bass ratio is a bit light on the treble end of the spectrum). Highlights include the "Icky Shazam!" "Glad All Over" (Dave Clark 5) medley, the speed read aloud from William S. Burroughs' *The Ticket that Exploded*, and Norb's stage banter, which is heavy on the sports references (chief among them the Ken Griffey Jr. joke made just moments after discussing that day's Reds/Brewers game, perhaps foreshadowing Jr.'s upcoming trade to Schott's squad). (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Bracket - When All Else Fails CD

"Spazz" has a great British Invasion-flavored guitar melody running through its verses. Unfortunately, said melody is buried beneath heaps of ordinary pop punk. The rest of the songs fail to offer even that much. The playing is professional, the recording sounds expensive but at the end of the day, there's little to hang my hat on (Fat Wreck - Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690)

Braid - Lucky to be Alive CD

Facts: 17 songs, recorded live at Braid's final show. File under "emo." Opinions: For the life of me I cannot hear the appeal of this sterile rock music. I don't doubt that Braid invest emotions of some sort into their performance but none of those emotions translate to me. It's not so much that I missed the boat on Braid, as it is a matter of me being on a dock nowhere near theirs. (Glue Factory - Box 404-BL, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

Cripple Kid/Little Dipper - Split CD

The bands approach their rock in a similar fashion, very earnest and with much energy. Neither ingredient is harmful but more is needed to induce future visits. (Microcosm - Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293)

Don Dixon - The Invisible Man CD

Dixon brings with him a stunning resume (having worked on R.E.M., Smitherens, and Marshall Crenshaw records) and an intriguing concept (a song cycle that revolves around one character, each song based on a different point in the character's life). Unfortunately he choose to go the one-man band route and the result is a "shrug your shoulders" record. Not bad but not nearly as memorable as I'd hoped it would be. (Gadfly - Box 5231, Burlington, VT 05402)

Garage Sale - The Original Soundtrack Music From The Pointless Summer CD

One day your grand children will gasp in awe when they learn that you were alive in 2000. They won't do so because it happened to be the first year of a new millennium--new millenniums are a dime a dozen--but because 2000 was the year

Garage Sale's debut CD was finally released. If you're among the enlightened, you'll pause, gather your thoughts, then regale them with tales of basking in the glory of *Pointless Summer* the year it came out. If you weren't a member of the Garage Sale flock, you'll lie. You'll push aside your pride, stare those innocent kids right in their trusting eyes and bullshit until you're blue in the face. And you'll pray they take the bait too. Anything but admit to missing the boat on *Pointless Summer*. You may have made a mistake back in '00 but there's not need to bring further disgrace onto your family name. Lie, you bastard! Lie and take your shame to the grave. Or take my advice and marinate yourself in the sounds of this CD. Garage Sale is a band name that should have used hundreds of times but, to the best of my knowledge never has been. Same goes for their sounds, there should be tons of bands trying to bring together the best of the '60s like Garage Sale does but no one does it like these guys. Ventures-styled surf instrumentals, Sonics-like garage punk, even a bit of Mersey beat, Garage Sale have it all to offer. I wish this were available on LP but, with all due respect to Marshall McLuhan, the medium is of little importance when the "message" is of this magnitude. Magnificent! (Beef Platter - Box 36401, Baltimore, MD 21286)

Robyn Hitchcock - Jewels for Sophia CD

We're spoiled, you and I. Every couple of years we get to venture through the kaleidoscope-like mind of a pop meister of Robyn Hitchcock's magnitude. The scenery is similar from trip to trip yet never quite the same, each album like another chapter in Hitchcock's twisted, technicolor novel of a career. Again he is sans Egyptians and again it's the "less is more" approach he has employed since *Perspex Island* and once more the results are marvelous, a return to form after '96's disappointing *Moss Elair*. And all of this comes despite *Jewels* being generated by seven different line ups (including the likes of fellow ex-Soft Boy, Kimberley Rew, three-fourths of the Young Fresh Fellows, and R.E.M.'s Peter Buck). Once more, Hitchcock's keen pop sense pulls it all together and yields another gem.

Isobella - Akasha CD

By their own admission, or at least that of their record company, this combo aspires to "dreampop" along the lines of the Pale Saints, Stereolab, or My Bloody Valentine. Objection! I like those bands largely because they inject their "let's get dreamy and go a-gazin'" concoctions with a strong pop sense, you know, hooks. Isobella leave out the second half of the equation and leave me behind in the process. (Clairecords - Box 61495, Jacksonville, FL 32236)

Junior Varsity - Bam Bam Bam LP

After treating us to a string of gold-certified 7" platters, the JV crew swings for the fences with their premiere full-length, and it's a bullet to deep center. In fact, it clears the fence so quickly and so easily that the center fielder didn't budge, he knew from the get-go that this sucker was long gone--long gone and lots of fun! I should point out that this isn't goosed-up on steroids, Mark McGwire rock. No sir. This is happy to be on the team, Marv Thronberry running the bases backwards rock, hula hoopin', two straws in a milkshake, stick shift on the steering column, enormo fins on the back end rock! And, if you can keep a secret, I think this record is responsible for the recent fire in my apartment building. A neighbor's halogen lamp took the blame but I think this smoking selection of songs set the place ablaze. Don't tell my insurance agent, just get your mitts on *Bam Bam Bam*, it rock rock rocks. (Peek-a-Boo Industries - Box 49542, Austin, TX 78765)

Ian "Mac" McLagan and the Bump Band - Best of British CD

Mac is forever surrounded by colorful characters. With the Small Faces and Faces, it was the likes of Ron Wood and Rod Stewart. On this CD his guitarists are named Scrappy Jud and Gurf. Mac's rock is bluesy and boozy and will appeal greatly to people who really like classic rock and still enjoy buying new releases but don't care for new bands. (Gadfly - Box 5231, Burlington, VT 05402)

Mad Caddies - The Holiday Has Been Canceled CDEP

I kind of like the jazz noodlings they tucked into the lead track but I wavered through the rest of the program. As I tried to tune in, I read the liner notes. That didn't help for they revealed that the EP was an "impromptu jam," music and lyrics written the same day they were recorded. I also read about their use of a 7-string bass. True enough, both of these points could be argued to reveal my shortcomings more so than the band's but there is no refuting the third charge in *Go Metric!* v. *The Holiday Has Been Canceled*. They botched an Abba cover! They stomped the life-and-fun--out of "S.O.S." Blech. (Fat Wreck - Box 193690, SF, CA 94119)

The Mandate of Heaven - On No Evil Star CD

I give preferential treatment to bands based in Syracuse, NY. Those are my native waters and I know how unforgiving the Salt City can be on local musicians. That doesn't mean I can pretend to like MOH but I can take a shot at being objective.

The Beltways - *Stella on Mars* CD

Fuck. The CD booklet just fell behind the stereo and even with the best of records, you need the booklet to complete the picture. My efforts to go around or over the pile of crap atop which the stereo sits have failed. The only way I could retrieve the booklet would be to hack off my left arm, take it with my right arm and then go fishing around... and I'm telling you it is almost worth such an effort, this CD is fantastic! The foundation of the Beltways' sound remains traditional power pop but compared to their fine debut record, *Stella* injects greater variety into the songwriting, more punch into the playing and added zip into the production. They have earned their Big Star, Replacements, and Cheap Trick merit badges and perched themselves atop the pack of contemporary power pop bands. I cannot wait to move out of this apartment so I can retrieve that booklet and complete the *Stella* experience! (Sawing Mfg. Records - 102 Belfast Rd., Timonium, MD 21093)

Boris The Sprinkler - *Group Sex* CD

Part of Boris' greatness is rooted in their relentless willingness to devise and execute genuinely stupid ideas (along with the requisite fantastic songs) that solidifies their status among the greats. Conceptually, this CD—a cover of the Circle Jerks' record of the same name—is simultaneously Boris' best and worst move yet. There is certainly no need to cover one of the shortest and dumbest punk LPs in history Boris knew that and proceeded anyway. Who else would do that? It is not the sort of record that will threaten the airplay devoted to the likes of *Mega Anal* and *Suck*, but it is a well-done novelty record and as such makes for a worthy addition to the Boris catalog. (Unless those rumors regarding the band's demise are true and this turns out to be their last release, then I am going to be steamed.) (Bulge Records - P.O. Box 1173, Green Bay, WI 54305)

Dryer - *Out of the Loop* CD

Yeah, baby! I was late in acquiring this gem but quick in developing a fondness for it. A little JChurch here ("Windy Bill McKay"), a little New Order there ("Amp Casters"), killer playing and great gal/guy vocals throughout. and a Journey cover ("Any Way You Want It") done so well it's genuinely enjoyable (too bad this didn't come out 20 years ago, then the Dryer version could have been used in *Caddyshack*). Dryer KO the sophomore slump and surpass their debut. A summer of '00 favorite. Dryer-ific! (Paint Chip - Box 12401, Albany, NY 12212)

Pat Dull and His Media Whores - *"It's About Time" b/w "Declaration (Acoustic)"* 7"

Mr. Dull and company have quickly entered the ranks of the bands whose every record I want to get my mitts on. "It's About Time" is a fine power pop number and the new take on "Declaration" is strikingly good. I don't think this will bring new aficionados to the flock but it will treat us converts just fine while we await the next installment. This is also serves as the first record I've seen with a "2000" imprint. Had I known this is how the new millennium would start I would not have gone on that Y2K-induced stockpiling of firearms. Final analysis: Great band, good single. (Break Up! Records - Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

Fastbacks - *The Day That Didn't Exist* CD

All bow before the pop majesty of the Fastbacks. Once again they offer masterful songwriting, deft execution, and crisp production. How does this differ from previous chapters in the FBX saga? It doesn't, nor should it. They have found their niche and continue to mine it with excellence. Would you ask Tony Gwynn to start swinging for the fences? Would you ask Tim Burton to start directing John Grisham scripts? Of course not! And it's a great thing that the FBX continue as they do because no other band approaches pop and rock this way. Fusing the likes of the Buzzcocks and Montrose is a potentially lethal process but the FBX have discovered a way to harness such forces in the name of good. Long may the Fastbacks reign! (spinART Records - Box 1798, NY, NY 10156-1798)

The Figgs - *For EP Fans Only* CD EP

Pop goes the bottlecap, in goes the CD, and up goes the thumb. My appreciation for the Figgs grows by an order of magnitude with each release. Listening to *For EP Fans Only*, I realize more than ever that not only do The Figgs and their songs have a timeless appeal but that they are even more impressive in this era, a time when everything is glib and carelessly off-the-cuff. The Figgs cut across the grain by exuding genuine passion, real emotional been-through-the-wringer-and-come-out-the-other-side depth. Couple that with a songwriting craft that calls upon every region of the pop landscape while never failing to rock and the results are sublime. In the world of pop, The Figgs are *it*. The band whose records we should all seek out. The band whose shows we should not miss. That is my testimony. (Hearbox.com)

Fracture - *ST* CD

These guys are, at least right now, probably best known as the band Atom Goren was in before starting Atom and His Package. I think they deserve better than that. When I tell you that Fracture brought together the best of emo core and pop punk, you will probably have a difficult time holding down your lunch. But don't hold Fracture liable for my shortcomings as a scribe, they carved out a distinctive sound and flat-out rocked. This collection (with combines their full-length, 2 7"s, and a demo) should solidify their reputation as one of the seminal punk bands of the '90s. (No Idea - Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

Neil Hamburger - *Left for Dead in Malaysia* LP

You will find in this in the Comedy section but it is as much a character study as anything else, a character study that is brilliant in conception and flawless in delivery. The character in question is America's favorite funnyman, Neil Hamburger, who finds himself booked at a karaoke bar in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Just as his routine is underway Neil realizes that no one in the audience understands English. The presence of an audience is usually essential for a successful comedy record, so what happens when the audience is removed? Well, in Neil's case it seems that his inability to communicate with this audience is not much different from the other dysfunctional relationships in his life. Ever the professional, Neil starts off in normal fashion before sinking into booze-soaked despair. Along the way he discusses his failed marriage, redrafts his will, and delivers lines such as "Getting back to my parents' death..." Despite all of this, Neil never completely gives up his desire to make 'em laugh. Sure he's depressed but he's still capable of great material. Take, for instance, when he relates a joke he once told at an Amway convention, "Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman? He was wasting his time, there are plenty of customers right there in his own neighborhood. Amway works." Being so funny and so smart puts *Left for Dead* in the rarefied air typically reserved for the likes of *SCTV* and *Kids in the Hall*. (Drag City - Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647)

Luxo Champ - *ST* CD EP

Huge hooks + generous portions of over the top new wave synthesizers + goofy lyrics about mad scientists and mathematically-inclined wrestlers + backing provided by the Rondelles + a secret ingredient that prevents us mortals from replicating these sounds = a most fantastic EP! Luxo-rious! (Super 8 Underground - P.O. Box 143, Tucson, AZ 85702)

The Neatbeats - *Mercurial...* LP

Wow!!! Take the ferry across the Pacific and soak in the spectacular beat'n'pop sounds of Japan's Neatbeats, these guys are terrific. They have the look, they have the sound, and in Takashi Manabe they have a first rate pop tunesmith (with both vocal numbers and instrumentals). The only thing I'd change about this record would be to include more originals (though the lads can certainly deliver great covers when duty calls). We may have lost The Kaisers but we still have The Neatbeats! (Get Hip - P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Pretty Girls - *The Kids Are All Fucked* 7" EP

Is it mod? Is it power pop? Is it garage punk? I can't be certain because they didn't flash their ID card long enough for me to make out the details but I suspect that Shel Talmy was involved somewhere along the line. Everything that was great about late '60s pop'n'rock surfaces on this EP. They explode with the energy of the early Kinks, go mod like vintage Who and strut about like Mick Taylor-era Stones and not for a moment would I consider them derivative. *The Kids...* is modern, vivid and compelling, now what's it going to take to get more Pretty Girls product to market? (Moo La La Records - 1114 21st St., Sacramento, CA 95814)

V/A - *New Wave Explosion* CD

It is pretty rare that I like a compilation from start to finish. It is even more uncommon for a compilation to spark feelings of jealousy, feelings of "I wish I'd been a part of this!" Behold such a collection! Seth from Super 8 is a man with a vision, a vision of sensational, rapture-inducing, crudely sounding pop'n'garage'n'punk. Check out the guestlist: Luxo Champ, Bananas, Rondelles, Knock-Ups, Scared of Chaka, Weird Lovemakers, Panty Raid, Causey Way, Peeps. I stop there for space considerations only, there are no duds on this 16-band exhibition. (Super 8 Underground - P.O. Box 143, Tucson, AZ 85702)

Deep Lust - *ST* CD

I'm surprised that this sucks. Deep Lust is fronted by Allison Wolfe (x-Bratmobile, x-Cold Cold Hearts). The problem is the absence of her usual partner in crime, guitarist Erin Smith. It's like Ray without Dave, Mick without Keith...and it doesn't work for me. (Kill Rock Stars - Box 418, 120 State St. NE, Olympia, WA 98501)

truthful lust he expresses for the bike riding big bottom babes (his naughty nanny in particular). This joy of spirit is as contagious as any virus and will ultimately prove more powerful than the bug that killed, but will never silence, the immortal voice of this mythical god named Mercury.

The non-booty half of the LP's super-combo, "Bicycle Race" holds its own against Kraftwerk's "Tour De France," the movie *Breaking Away* and the Lance Armstrong Wheaties box as defining cultural artifacts celebrating the sport. The track is a triumph if only for the orchestration of bike bell and symphony. Of course the dynamic vibe of the tune, simulating a race by use of Rock, is the real magic here. If that wasn't enough, though, with the single line, "*Jaws* was never my scene, and I don't like *Star Wars*," Mercury badmouths both Steven Spielberg and George Lucas years before the *Spielberg's List* and Jar Jar Binks and crapfests.

In addition to the bike and butt bonanza, every track on this gem has merits. Freddie pays homage to the Zanzibar of his youth with the Islamic-themed opening track, "Mustapha." "If You Can't Beat Them" is, remarkably, a tune that is rousing and inspirationally defeatist. The power of "Dead On Time" is undeniable, its urgency defined by motor-mouthed lyrical delivery and machine gun drum fills and guitar solos. "In Only Seven Days" is schmaltzy but has genuine dignity. For those who like the odd groove of Leon Redbone but could do without the muppet vocals, the lovely "Dreamer's Ball" (a minor masterpiece) is for you. "Fun It" messes with the bass grooves that would gel as "Another One Bites The Dust" two years later. "Leaving Home Ain't Easy" may, dare I say, bring a tear or two. "Don't Stop Me Now," like many of the great Queen songs, invokes a musical theater that never was, with the joy of Gilbert and Sullivan mixed the modernist lyrical dexterity of Sondheim mixed with ROCK and devoid of the complete sucking of Andrew Lloyd Webber. The albums closer "More Of That Jazz" ominously lurks and attacks like a panther, before ending with a crescendo of an overture that "samples" the choruses of most of the previous tracks on the album, an unusual and clever device.

Though not the strongest track on the record, perhaps the most important song is "Let Me Entertain You," as it serves as Mercury's manifesto. His willingness



to give it all to the audience, and its celebration of absurdity are summed up in the following lyrical sampling: "I come here to sell you my body...I'll school you and I'll kill you, and I'll Cruella DeVille you, and to thrill you I'll use any device...We'll give you crazy performance, we'll give grounds for divorce... Just take a look at the menu, we'll give you Rock a la Cock"

Yes, *Rolling Stone* called this album "utter jive," but use of the word "utter" would already dismiss the writer as a dick, as if the last several decades of *Rolling Stone* hadn't already done as much to discredit their position to distribute opinion. Then again, the first definition of "jive" in the dictionary is "jazz," so maybe he was just got the album title wrong. "Jive" isn't necessarily a bad word.

However, anyone who refuses to recognize the brilliance of this album is a jive motherfucker.

Good day!

Waymon Timbsdayle, 1/1/2000

(Mr. Timbsdayle reviews records for the Chicago-based magazine, Roctober. His spirited pro-Jazz article was written in response to Tim Chandler's "Queen Ruled," which appeared in Go Metric! #11.)



My Lunches with Tim (Burton, that is)

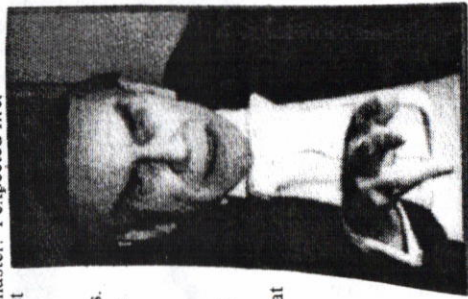
By Brian Cogan

Sometimes it seems strange that I, a lonely misanthrope whose only real friends are actress Charlizé Theron (simply "Z" to her friends) and famed thespian Charles Nelson Reilly, alone among mortal men have been privileged to dine with the modern day master of the macabre, director Tim Burton. Strange but true. Although I have often dine with the rich and famous (a quick look at my calendar reveals that I had lunch with Henry Rollins at the "21" Club at least five times last year, drinks with Glenn Danzig at Le Cirque three times and a fist-fight over the last can of caffeine-free root beer with Tommy Stinson at the opening of the Wu-Wear fashion show at Cannes last year, eventually Ghostface Killah stepped in and broke it up) I had never had the opportunity to dine with a director of Burton's caliber. As astute readers of the last *GaMetric* (with its tribute to Burton's sublime *Mars Attacks*) may have noted, Tim Burton is the closest thing we employees of this fine magazine have as a role model. (Previous role model Ian MacKaye lost his spot in the pantheon after drunkenly groping Winona Ryder on the set of their new buddy film *It Takes a Straight Edge Cop To Clean Up a Dirty City*.) With this in mind it was no wonder that I trembled with anticipation, or possibly the DT's, when the master himself walked into my favorite New York culinary refuge, Taco San Loco at St. Marks and Second Avenue.

I could almost feel his "vibe" (not to be confused with *I l'be*, another shoddy zine far inferior to this one) or maybe it was the fact that he had Lisa Marie with him (at the first of our two lunches) and she smelled F-I-N-E (coincidentally the initials of a super-secret spy organization dedicated to destroying western civilization and replacing it with an oligarchy led by furry bunnies so absolutely adorable that we are powerless before them). As I bought my Taco Loco (a taco wrapped in a burrito, or was it the other way around?), I could feel someone behind me, low and behold it was Tim Burton. And just any Tim Burton, *the* Tim Burton, the man who directed or produced *Edward Scissorhands*, *Beetlejuice*, *The Batman* films, *Frankenweenie* and *Incent*. (This first lunch took place before *Mars Attacks* or *Sleepy Hollow*). The man, the Mack Daddy of bizarre gothic films filled with vulnerable loners who all somehow resembled the director himself. It was Tim Burton (and Lisa Marie, how can we forget her?) in my Taco San Loco, eating much the same Tex-Mex that I ate, perhaps, even by chance, he might have had refried beans in his food from the same vat o' beans that had gone into my delicious meal! This was an amazing event, I vowed at once that this opportunity would not go to waste. I would talk to Tim Burton, get to know him, maybe even have him name his first born mutant son after me. But how?

The next thing I knew it was ten minutes later, my meal was gone, down to the last drop of "serious" sauce (an aptly named sauce, if you ask me) and I was still no closer to talking to the master of the mirthful malevolence than when there was food on my tray. Already I could feel the moment slipping by, as if in a dream (yet without Barbie Twins, who are usually staples of my dreams) I felt myself floating towards the door, as if compelled by some sinister force I put my hand on the door. The next thing I knew, I was outside, walking toward Astor Place but, like those brave souls in *Saving Private Ryan* who somehow braved the rigors of a recreated war in-between napping in their trailers, I somehow found the strength and courage within me to go back into the restaurant, sit down and introduce myself to the master. I expected fire.

brimstone perhaps (this had happened when I met King Diamond, but he was eating Indian food at the time, so it was not all that shocking), maybe even prehensile claws or snakes instead of fingers. What I received was a big smile and an invitation to sit down and talk with one of my idols. (Yes, yes, I know that Sonic Youth said to "Kill Yr Idols" but other than the beer bottle from which Tim was drinking there wasn't a weapon in sight and besides it would have made me look a little too "indie rock" in front of Lisa Marie, know what I'm saying?)



Despite the rumors of difficulty, it turns out that Tim Burton was a really wonderful old chap. He seemed almost embarrassed that anyone would recognize him, much less be an actual fan. He talked about his movies, he shared his frustrations with the studios who held back funding on a regular

basis, he seemed pleased that I was one of three people who actually went to see *Ed Wood* in the theater, he drew a picture of Jack Skellington for one of my friends who was returning home to Korea. Unfortunately, he refused my numerous offers for Lisa Marie, but I probably was as savvy as the "Big Boys" in the studios (probably the only Austin, Texas punk/funk band to actually run a Hollywood studio) at negotiation, but at least I tried. After awhile I left him alone, his nachos were getting cold, but walked away very impressed that someone whose work I had admired had been such a swell fella. (Picasso on the other hand had been a complete boor, Jackson Pollack had cleaned out my liquor cabinet.) It was a brief encounter, one that, in a city of almost a half a gazillion or so people, was not likely to be repeated. Except that a year later it was.

Squiggy - Songs about Hate, Anger and the American Way CD

An oi band named after a *Laverne and Shirley* character? I'm in. Except for some of the politics. For example, I agree that corporate America is hardly doing the rest of us any favors but at the same time I don't think those on welfare are "money grubbers." So I appreciate that they bring economic class into the equation but not necessarily the way they do it. Kind of like Pat Buchanan-esque populism. Plus, when they sing "*We work twice as hard and at half the pay! We're all created equal yet we have no say*" do they really sound that much different than many of their "counterparts" on the left? I think not.

(Headache Records - P.O. Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

Starmarket - Sunday's Worst Enemy CD

Alan Pop Kid must be the pop punk world's leading importer. It seems as if all of the bands on his label are from one European nation or another. Last time I heard from the label, it was a fantastic 7" from Sweden's Chester Copperpot. Starmarket also hail from Sweden but I don't enjoy them nearly as much as I do their fellow countrymen and labelmates. Starmarket offer pop punk that is so earnest it borders on emo territory. Or maybe it's emo that's poppy to the point of nearly being pop punk. Whichever direction it's headed, it's not going my way.

(Pop Kid - 16 Raleigh Lane, Wayne, NJ 07470)

The Stereo - ThreeHundred CD

Their press kit compares them to the likes of Queen and Journey. Though I find such a juxtaposition offensive (Steve Perry compared to Freddie Mercury? Neal Schon on par with Brian May? This is the thinking of heretics!) I hear what they are going for. The Stereo set out to make a big, radio-friendly pop'n'rock record. They have no hidden agenda, simply a desire to provide quality entertainment for the masses. For the most part they have succeeded. I hear some Weezer, Fountains of Wayne, and Chisel seeping into the best of these sounds. 300 is the mark of excellence in baseball. I'd say this record is just short of that, maybe 290. The Stereo have studied well—and I enjoy *ThreeHundred* as it roars in the background—but they have yet to shore up their take on the bands that inspired them (which separates the good from the great). The Stereo are close and probably on their way. (Fueled by Ramen - Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

Superschunk - Come Pick Me Up LP

Album #7 and Superschunk have yet to let me down. They continue to expand their instrumentation and the results completely hit the spot. Like the strings on "Hello Hawk" that sweep in behind Mac's vocals (and make my heart swell) or the horns on the end of "Pink Clouds" (that sound like they could have been lifted from Bruce Springsteen's *The Wild, The Innocent and the E Street Shuffle* LP, which I happen to like). Best of all is that Mac's singing has never been stronger. I don't think he has ever carried the melodies better and the lyrics he's singing are more buoyant too ("Hold me all night, give me good dreams"). And of course, the songs are tremendous and varied and passionate and air-guitar inducing. This is Superschunk, after all. Viva la Chunk! (Merge Records - Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

Le Tigre - S T L P

Kathleen Hanna is back in a band setting. *Le Tigre* is a splendid affair, picking up and surpassing where her *Julie Ruin* record/persona left off. Once more, the sounds revolve around pop be it of the new wave or dance variety. Aside from a couple of misfires on the end of side one, this is smooth sailing from top to bottom. I dare you to resist the likes of "Deceptacon" and "My My Metrocard" (an anti-Giuliani diatribe that will forever change my morning commute, though I've come to be pro-Metrocard, hell, that monthly pass option saves me \$.50/ride!) (Note: *Le Tigre* is filed under "T" because *GAF*! doesn't alphabetize by articles...nor should you!) (Mr. Lady Records - Box 3189, Durham, NC 27715-3189)

Tiltwheel - Hair Brained Scheme Addicts CD

Raspy vocal-ed pop punk, like a faster Everready. I am not one for Everready and now I know where I am with Tiltwheel. Though it's worth noting that I don't find raspy-throated singers inherently displeasing. The guys in Husker Du were raspy-throated and could not sing early on but they had the smarts to bury their vocals in walls of guitar and Spot's crummy production. Tiltwheel can't sing either yet they push the vocals up front. Makes no sense at all.

(Cool Guy Records - Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

V/A - Pedal Faster Bicycle Rider CD

Compiled by Dave Brown (Holiday Matinee, *Muddle*), this seems to be a state of the union address for the emo/pop nation. At its best it offers the likes of **Tugboat Annie** and **The Wicked Farleys**, indie rock refugees in an emo/pop world (well, at least a world that throws around the tag "emo" much more than it does "indie rock"), bands lumped into the emo camp but whose sense of song is far superior to that of

their (by default) peers. There is also a fair amount of good pop (**Sterling Silver**, **Very Secretary**, **Sharks Keep Moving**, **Rodriguez**), the types of bands I would not seek out but do enjoy when I encounter them. Finally, there are typical emo/pop songs where I can hear some elements of pop but do not care for the needless drama the bands try to infuse. I think the distinction between the good and the useless is a matter of focus. Once I figured which songs I liked and disliked I went back through the compilation and noted the time of each track. Of the eleven songs that were under four minutes, I liked nine of them (82%). I liked none of the songs eight songs that were over four minutes (0%). I do not believe this is a coincidence. The difference between the subtle n'engaging camp and the mopey n'meandering camp is a slight one but it is the difference between a song that someone will want to revisit and a "seemed like a good idea at the time to the people who were there but is of little use to anyone else" song.

(Accident Prone - 306 N/W El Norte Parkway, Box 305, Escondido, CA 92026)

V/A - My So-Called Punk Rock Life CD

Pop punk roll call! **Darlington**, **Teen Idols**, **Travoltas**, **Boris the Sprinkler**, **Pink Lincolns**, **Smugglers**, **Buck**, **Heartdrops**, **Chixdiggit!** I tried to convince Malibu Lou to call this "My Comp is Better Than Joe Queer's" (in reference in to Mr. Queer's Lookout comp) but Lou is too nice of a guy and though he doesn't perform on this CD, Lou's lovable spirit permeates the proceedings. The main drawback here is that the bulk of the songs are available elsewhere but any pop punk fan is going to get their money's worth with 30 tracks (73 minutes), and a photo of **Frankenheather!** (Melted Records - 21-41 34th Ave., #10A, Astoria, NY 11106)

Vue - The Death of a Girl CD EP

Glam rock is the perfect outlet for art school pretense. A worthy glam rocker can openly declare "I want to be famous and I need to be acknowledged. In exchange for your adulation I promise to rock your knickers off." So while glam has a flair for the overly dramatic and runs the risk of indulgence it owns up to those dangers and when done right, thrives on them. The Vue dance through that minefield and deliver a delightful EP (3 new songs, 2 from a previous 7" (when they were known as The Audience so, yes, as poor a choice of band names as Vue is, it is indeed an improvement)), proving themselves to be most worthy glam rockers. (Gold Standard Laboratories - Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

The Wanna-Bes - Saturday Night 7" EP

For the first 3/4 of this extended player, The Wanna Bes swing from the poppy side of the Ramones-core plate. Good though not remarkable stuff, like a less hyper Automatics. For the final 1/4 of the record, they opt for a clean guitar sound and turn in "Make Believe Baby," the sweetest tune of the bunch. There is promise here, especially if they maintain their willingness to pour on the pop. (And by the way, wouldn't "Wanna Bees" make for a better moniker? Yes, "Bes" is the closest thing there is to a proper plural form of "be" but "Bees" looks much better.) (Mutant Pop Records - 5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330)

The Wicked Farleys - Sustained Interest EP

When done properly, I am a sucker for simple songs that are drawn out with lots of guitar noodling. Unrest, Uncle Wiggly, and the Velvet Underground come to mind as being among the rare practitioners of this craft. At their best, The Wicked Farleys can stand in such company. Like those bands, they recognize the parameters of conventional pop tunes but seldom work within such boundaries. It takes more than five minutes for "Dig the Ring" to run its course and it would not work if it were shorter. Ditto for their blissfully noisy take on "96 Tears" which sounds as much like the Velvet Underground's "Waitin' for My Man" as it does 7 and the Mysterians. On paper *Sustained Interest* is a hodgepodge of songs (they were culled from a variety of sources) but it comes together remarkably well. (Big Top Records - 955 Massachusetts Ave., Suite 115, Cambridge, MA 02139)

The Wretched Ones - We Don't Belong to Nobody CD

The world of the Wretched Ones: a fridge full of Schaefer, a Ford parked out front, a pain in the ass boss and for it's worth, my eternal respect because love 'em or loathe 'em, you know exactly where you stand with a band like The Wretched Ones. They're the band your local plumber or electrician would form. Fueled by class politics and beer and a self-effacing humor to keep everything in check. It works (except for the double negative in the CD title which implies that they do in fact belong to someone). (Headache Records - Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

The Yum Yums - Waste My Time b/w Digging on You 7"

Gadzooks, this is some top flight power pop. LPs from this German band have become the stuff of legend and these tracks, though satisfying in their own right, only serve to further whet my appetite for those records I have yet to find. The A-side is an original and the B-side is a Romanticos cover. A fine program that goes by much too quickly. (Screaming Apple - Dustemichstrasse 14, 50939 Kohn, Germany)

My So Called Band - President Lust CD EP

Splat Cats-like garage rock, especially in the vocals, this easily surpasses their debut record. It's rare that I'd recommend a song based on its solo but the guitar break in "Propped Up" is of fire-hazard caliber. They also use some great prog-rock-like keyboards on "Public Careress," they should use those keyboards more often. Ring up Keith Emerson, he needs the work!

(Yesha Inc. - Box 31725, Charlotte, NC 28231-1725)

Neutral Mark Hotel - Earth to Mark Cassette

This is the work of Mark Russell Hughsen and has nothing to do with the band Neutral Milk Hotel (though if Mark were to drop his surname he could probably make a good living on the PBS circuit). In one way or another Mark touches on the likes of NOFX, The Kingston Trio, and Ben Lee. He pulls together these influences (and more), funnels them through his acoustic guitar and Casio, and pours the resulting concoction of bedroom indie pop into his 4-track. With some bedroom pop you get the feeling the person would rather not record the songs for public consumption, they're too shy. Not the case with Mark. He's a performer whose stage happens to be located within the confines of his home. There are many tunes during this hour-long program so I am not always certain which song is playing but I like the show. (Mark Hughsen - 8093 Henry Clay Blvd., Liverpool, NY 13090)

No Use For A Name - More Battered CD

When people curse the flood of generic pop punk this is the sort of record they have in mind. Fast tempos, harmonies, metal-like guitar sounds, you know the drill. Granted these guys have been at it longer than most but shouldn't they know better by now? At the very least, shouldn't they shun the assembly line production values that mar most contemporary punk records? There are two points of interest on the record. First is their decision to cover The Pogues' "Fairytale of New York." I have to give them credit for such a fine choice of covers but the bonus points were revoked upon hearing said cover which does exactly what you'd expect it to do, namely start with the quiet tone of the original and then "kick in" after a verse. The guitar snuffs the life out of the song and the three seconds of tin whistle they tack onto the end only serve to remind me of the vast discrepancy between the original and the cover. Do these guys realize that the IRA has yet to be disarmed? The second thing that caught my attention is the section wherein this self-proclaimed punk band lists their jeans, sneaker, and sunglasses sponsors. Smash the state with Rayban! (Fat Wreck - Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

Physics - 2.798 CD EP

Naming themselves after my least favorite subject in high school, these gents start the proceedings on thin ice. When the disc player reads "2.798," the ice only gets thinner. The ice gives way once I press "play" and my speakers creak out these pointless, droning songs. What is most remarkable is that there are six people listed as performers. Given how little occurs on this CD that is a stunningly inefficient use of labor. At some point nearly everyone who owns an instrument indulges in a marathon improv with their friends. The difference is that most people realize that their shit does carry a rather unpleasant odor and they choose not to dump such indulgences upon the public. It should not take a physicist to figure that out. (Gold Standard Laboratories - Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

The Primate 5 - The Smash Hits of... 7" EP

Guys wearing monkey masks and churning out excellent, organ-driven garage rock. I ask for no more. Further, the more astute observer will note that there are but four members of The Primate 5. This is the kind of idioicy I seek out. This is the kind of idioicy I urge you to support. Bravo!

(Big Neck Records - Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

The Returnables - So When Can I See You Again CD EP

Their dream girl bops to The Plimsouls and Freshstones while they rock like later (but not yet lame) Replacements or Soul Asylum (circa *Hung Time*). Hopefully that paints a picture of what this fine EP offers: great rock, informed by punk and power pop, made by seemingly regular folks (or in this case, Lee Rays). A 4 for 4 debut that secures The Returnables' spot on the major league roster. (Rocketship Records - 2208 N. Kedzie Blvd., #2S, Chicago, IL 60647)

The Rondelles - The Fox LP

How is it that "Modern Chemical" is not a #1 hit? Even if the rest of this record sucked-and I assure you that it most certainly does not--"Modern Chemical" should have radio programmers going batty trying to figure out ways to get that song on the air at least five times an hour. Do they fear having their audience temporarily burn out on "Modern Chemical" after hearing it so often? That situation is easily remedied! Simply put "The Upshot" or "It's Overturning" into rotation and watch those ratings shoot through the roof. I bank the deed to the G&P ranch on it. The

Rondelles would not, could not deliver one smash and then leave you hanging. That is not the way of great bands. Great bands are relentless when it comes to handing out the hits. The Rondelles established as much with their fabulous debut LP and they offer further proof with this their sophomore effort, a true new wave pop gem (Teen Beat - Box 3265, Arlington, VA 22203)

Sea Monkeys - Live in Ape City 7"

Now wait a minute, do the Sea Monkeys "live" in Ape City, as in they reside there or are they "live" in Ape City, as in they performed there? (Those are homographs, print words whose pronunciations vary with their meanings!) While my intern sorts out that matter, I'll proceed with the review. What we have here, friends, is a full-color picture disc that features 9 songs from a performance at CBGB. CB's is a dump and they have nude employees and a policy of never booking more than one good band per night but they provide good sound and this record sounds swell. So you can hear a Sea Monkeys' set at CB's without actually having to go there (and further you can try to figure out how Paul Rubin sneaked into the crowd of apes photo on side two). With the Sea Monkeys being one of the best live (as in "performing on stage") acts around and CB's being one of the least appealing venues around, that is a match made in, well, Ape City! (Solamente Records - 312 Park Place, #3, Brooklyn, NY 11238)

Sea Monkeys - Secret Sign CD

Got 22 minutes and a fondness for fun, hyper punk rock that's so dumb it's smart? Then set your dial to *Secret Sign*, it's the best Sea Monkeys record yet. Most bands that play this fast don't reward repeated listens, their bag of tricks is depleted after a listen or two. Not so with the Sea Monkeys. I've been listening to this CD for months and pick up something new every time, just like a good issue of *Mad* magazine. As we've come to expect from the Sea Monkeys, they keep the yucks coming while the twin-guitar action and backing vocals really shine. The word is out, *Secret Sign* rocks! (Eerie Records - Box 11365, Erie, PA 16514)

Shannon's Dress - Lurch CD

When my friend Dave and I hosted a local music show in college we played a lot of Shannon's Dress. All of their stuff was on cassette and each of the song titles was a number so we never knew if we were broadcasting "Twenty one" or "Twenty four" or "Twenty six." We kept playing them because they were good, kind of reminding me of Dinosaur Jr. It was a complete surprise to find this CD in the P.O. box one day. I'm pretty sure these are the same tracks from those cassettes (I haven't heard them since 1991) and now I know which song is which only now I hear more Meat Puppets than Dinosaur Jr. A nice blast from the past. (10GeV Records - Box 1263, Palo Alto, CA 94302-1263)

The Shy Guys - S/T CD EP

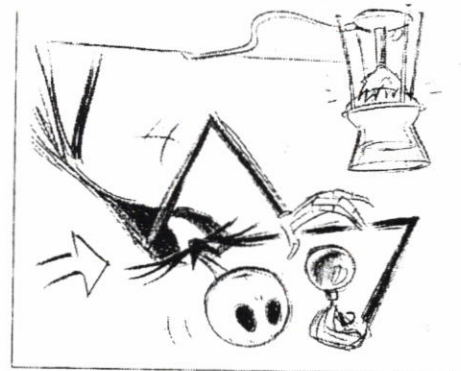
8 song/16 minutes. We're off to a good start. Most people are going to knock The Shy Guys for tumbling off key with their "whoah"s (and as devotees of pop punk, the guys relish their "whoahs"). But I'll take a different tact. I endorse The Shy Guys for two main reasons, 1) they wear masks and robes, 2) I like the contrast between the vocals of Charles and Chadd. Charles with his early '80s punk rock angst (check out the verses on "Panic" and Chadd with his, well, shy guy squawk (even as an aspiring teacher I'm going to back Chadd on "Down with Homework") I'm with The Shy Guys over the course of their originals--which are fun and sloppy and self-effacing--but I must distance myself when it comes to their choice of covers: "Punkhouse" (Screaching Weasel) and "Hatebreeders" (Misfits). Even if I didn't know these guys I would know they are aware of less obvious material to cover because they chose the CD by setting Shel Silverstein's "Headphone Harold" to music (and do so with a dash of organ which sounds excellent). Less Ben and Glenn, more Shy Guys (and organ)!

(Whoa Oh Records - 52 McLoughlin Street, Glen Cove, NY 11542)

The Smithereens - God Save The Smithereens CD

There was a time when a new Smithereens record was headline news in my world. Their first four records are as good as they get, especially 1988's *Green Thoughts*. But beginning with record #5, 1994's *A Date with...*, Smithereens records have been frustrating affairs. A sufficient number of good songs pop up to make the records enjoyable for diehards but the brilliance of their peak years rarely surfaces. For most bands *God Save...* would be a satisfying effort but I expect more from these lads. I hear the likes of "She's Got a Way" and "All Revved Up" and think, yep, they still have it. Then they trudge through "House at the End of the World" and "Everything Changes" and I have to wonder if such songs are the best they can do. It's like watching a favorite baseball player, toward the end of his career, not run out a ground ball. Is it ability or desire that is lacking?

(Koch Records - 740 Broadway, NY, NY 10003)



Sue me for lack of imagination but a year later I was returning to San Looco for yet another calorie-laden tray of yummys when I ran into a friend of mine on a street. My friend Dave, let's call him "Dave" for the sake of anonymity, was walking in the opposite direction and wondered where I was going. I always answer Dave right away because not only is he the proud owner of an AK-47 but also a law student (true for some reason, both the bit about the AK-47 and the bit about his being a law student). I told him that I was going to San Looco to "have lunch with Tim Burton." Little did I know that I had grabbed the cosmic axis by the proverbial tail and had made a mountain out of a uskrat. For what to my wondering eyes did appear when I walked through the door of San Looco but the auteur of Goth himself, sitting alone having a burrito. We talked again (this time *Alays Attacks* was being held up by the suits, and possibly ties, at the studio) and this time I left with my very own sketch of Jack Skellington. The best I ever got out of Nick Cave (when I ran into him in Swift's Gibberian Lounge) was a drunken growl so getting a sketch from someone I was an actual fan of (this is not to be confused with the movie, *The Fan*, which, although baseball-related, is absolutely terrible) was an occasion to celebrate with much glee.

No, wait, that's not the moral, that's a truism. Anyway, the moral of this story is that fairy tales can come true, except for the ones about trolls under the bridge, which can only come true in New Jersey. But follow your dreams and you too can run into the auteur of your choice. He might not have his utterly yummy girlfriend with him, but that's ok. Meeting, and yet not killing one of yr idols can be one of the highlights of your day, if not entire week. Of course, let's keep this story under our hats, shall we? I don't want San Looco to get all crowded with obsessive people with a Burton fetish. He's my celebrity and I save him first, go and find your own!

(Editor's note: As near as our fact checkers can determine the anecdotes about Tim Burton, Nick Cave, and the law student are absolutely true. As for the rest, well, Brian has been under a lot of stress lately. Although we would like to remind those not up on their legal terminology that "indicted" is not the same thing as "convicted.")

RUSS

FORSTER

8-Track Mind is a '90s zine dedicated to an audio format long ridiculed and associated with the most misguided excesses of '70s. I was a latecomer to *8-7M* (in fact, I started with #96, the very issue in which editor Russ Forster announced that #100 would be the final issue of the zine). At the same time I purchased a copy of Russ' fascinating documentary *So Wrong They're Right*. The zine and the movie combined to make me incredibly curious. How on earth did Russ and his companions manage to create so much out of something I'd long thought to be so dead?

I have a functioning 8-track player and a grand total of seven tapes. I appreciate the format but that's not what sparked my interest in *8-7M* and *SWTR*. Rather it was the people presented in the zine and the film, the people and their steadfast devotion to something the rest of the world considered a punchline. The beauty of both the zine and film is that Russ provides the forum for people to discuss their beloved 8-tracks (tapes, players, repair, etc.). He'll open an issue with an editorial and respond to readers' letters but for the most part he steps back and allows 8-track devotees to have the floor. Not an easy approach for any zine editor to take, regardless of the subject matter.

With my curiosity piqued, I wanted to know more about Russ and his thoroughly engaging endeavors. After an exchange of letters, Russ was kind enough to grant *GM* an interview. (Questions by Mike Faloon)

(The opening narration from Russ' film, *So Wrong They're Right*) Welcome to the wonderful world of the 8-track underground, the vanguard of the analog revolution. 8-track technology was thoroughly discredited in the late 1970s as cassettes began to take over the automobile recorded sound market. In the 1980s, 8-track was relegated to the thrift stores, garage sales and, sad to say, landfills. But not everyone accepted this orchestrated demise and this film is dedicated to those stubborn visionaries who have kept 8-track alive into the 1990s. However, this is not just a chronicling of an underground network of 8-track eccentrics. This is a statement of active outrage and rebellion from a group of people who have opted out of the disposable consumer culture laid out for them to embrace in the spirit of growth or progress. Some of us are poor, some are rich. Some are young, some are old but we are all driven to reject the prevailing mood of conformity by an irresistible force deep within us. I am Russ Forster, current editor of 8-track *Mind Magazine* and in March 1994 I struck out with *Dan Sutherland* on a 10,000 mile journey in search of other 8-track minds.

that easily looped its way into my memory while the flipside is a well-done Pavement cover. Solid work on both sides though neither is what I expected from someone so closely associated with Billy Childish, much more indie rock than I would have guessed. (Damaged Goods - Box 671, London, E17 6NF)

The Grumpies - *Who the Sinky?* CD

What the hell is going on here? It is difficult to get my bearings what with the squawky vocals buried beneath blistering yet somehow melodic punk rock. And what gives with the production? It sounds as if someone spent a great deal of time, effort, and money to arrive at a sound that is somehow both slick and crummy (though ultimately it is less effective than the sound of their 7"). I must say I love most of this record. It is twisted vision of how pop and punk can come together and I have never heard anything like it. (Recess Records - Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

The Heartdrops - *East Side Drive* CD

Even for NYC residents, the "Drops are looking awfully pesty on the back of this CD. Which is ironic because their poppy bar rock is a bit brighter, sunnier if you will, than their debut. By that I mean the hooks are more prevalent and easier to appreciate. I deem this poppier and therefore better than their debut. on the assumption that "Lolita" and "Come on Strong" ("When I come on strong, you're gonna be my girl") are more of goofy than confessions. (Otherwise I am going to have request the Spanish version of the CD or something, because that is more information than I need.) (Melted Records - 21-41 34th Ave. #10A, Astoria, NY 11106)

The Icarus Line - *Red and Black Attack* CD

When their press sheet speaks of "spastic hardcore" there is no joke involved. These guys jump all over the map on the first track alone. The sheet also mentions bands like Heroin and Born Against, but I will have to have to take their word for it. I know little of those bands. I realize this reeks of laziness on my part, what with mentioning the press sheet twice, now three times, but I am in a good mood and trying to rise above a "this, in my estimation, sucks" review. (Or perhaps I should not bother with such charades and we can all move onward. (Could be someone's favorite band. (New American Dream - Box 265, Balboa Island, CA 92662)

Jessica Six - *All Good Things* CD

Franklin Bruno (Nothing Painted Blue) fronting Superpunk. Or maybe what it would have sounded like had Silver Scooter explored their "Biting NY Nails" stage a bit longer. Either way I'll take it. Indie rock built on riffs, rather than hooks, that finds its way to catchiness in the long run. A solid collection that wrings up the entire 16 story (even listing all of their shows, I love stuff like that). Indeed it is all good! (Aet Your Age - 3244 Locke Ln, Houston, TX 77019)

The Kaisers - *What You Gonna Say? b/w You Don't Care?*

Scotland's finest return with a double dose of their vintage beat sounds. Had "What You Gonna Say" come out 1964 it would be a staple of every volutes playlist to this day. As it is the ever-lab Kaisers are trying to shine in the unforgiving '90s (or rather they were, they have since broken up and we have since moved into the '00s) and we pop fans have a bit more work to do in order to bark in the glory of the Kaisers' excellence. Like everything else I have heard from this quartet this is worth the effort, my friend. (Screaming Apple - Dusenichstrasse 14, 50939 Koln, Germany)

Man...or Astronaut? - *Enclave: Operational Index and reference guide, including other modern computational devices LP*

Before you even read this review you can be certain I am a MOANF fan. Who else would bother to type out the *entire* album title? (I wrote "or Superdumb?") I am fascinated by this band and the ways in which they continue to stretch their sound. By all rights, the S MOANF should have run around long ago. They have a novel concept (surf sounds and space motifs) but really, how long should that have carried them? Two, maybe three records? Instead *Enclave* finds the lads continuing with the experimental approach that made their last record such a smashing success. I think their greatest strength is their willingness to screw around with the formula that makes them successful. A handful of tunes make their mark with just one listen (especially "Interstellar Hardrive," a perfect blend of punk and surf) while others confused me before coming into focus (the fractured rhythms and synthetic sounds of "D-contamination" initially baffled my pop-oriented mind). Only the final track, titled "Myopia," if I have done my math correctly, failed to come around. In the end, I would rank this as the second best long player in the MOANF discography. Brilliant, bold and still a lot of fun. (Touch & Go Records - Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

The Marbles - *Rock's Not Dead* CD

Break Up! Records has earned a solid reputation for delivering reliable power pop. As anything bearing the BU! imprint is going to catch my attention, my expectations for The Marbles were high. Thus it is with a heavy heart that I relate my disappointment with this 7-song EP. The hooks never materialize and the whole affair is rather bland. In large part I think this can be attributed to the unimaginative recording. It sounds like someone happened to run tape during a Marbles soundcheck. The drums are tiny and the guitars lack the sweetness good pop requires. On the upside, Amanda has a good voice and there is promise in the choruses of "Rock n Roller" and "Do You Know." In the hands of a sympathetic producer and a more capable engineer, The Marbles could live up to the BU! reputation but as it stands, *Rock's Not Dead* falls short. (Break Up! Records - Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

The Mile Wide Grey - *Superior* CD

Not sure what to make of this. Present are the sounds of a full band yet there is but one credit, "Brian Moeckly," all drums, track 6 voice. I know Brian has also been involved with the likes of BlueDriver and Shannon's Dress yet this remains a curious affair. The opening track, a satisfyingly noisy, atmospheric piece titled "S. & the Drone" sets the stage nicely but the next block of songs is not nearly as captivating. Much fainter efforts. The CD begins to re-emerge with track 7 and I'm on board for the rest of the trip, right through "Attention: The Beam is Coming On" which sounds like the audio track to George Lucas' *THX1138*. All told I like 5 of the 11 tracks, or 800 yards of the Mile Wide Grey. (10GeV Records - Box 1263, Palo Alto, CA 94302-1263)

Monks - *Five Uplstart Americans* CD

Before the Monks recorded their legendary *Black Monk Time* record, they did some demos. *Five Uplstart Americans*, comprised of these demos, offers a blueprint of the Monks' sound that would appear on *Black Monk Time*. The better you know the CDs the more obvious the differences will be (and mining for those differences is a worthy and rewarding endeavor). I'm a newcomer to the Monks and I'm having a blast going between the two CDs. The demos don't upstage the versions that were to come but they help complete the picture. *Five Uplstart Americans* helps make greater sense of that record without in any way diminishing its greatness, almost like a "making of" movie. And it is worth noting the *Five Uplstart Americans* definitely stands on its own. Had the world never heard *Black Monk Time*, *Five Uplstart Americans* would have blown minds in 1965, or 2000 for that matter. (Further sweetening the deal are Eddie and Gary's liner notes, the 3 cuts that didn't re-surface on *Black Monk Time*, and both songs from a single the band did when still known as the Five Tonquays.) Completion performed a public service in seeing that these songs were released. (Compilation - Box 230712, Ansonia Station, NY, NY 10023)

Moron Envy - *Demo tape*

I can't pretend that I love this tape nor can I be very specific about the reasons why. I hear each of the instruments but the muddy sound makes it difficult to figure out what each of those instruments is doing. So what follows is akin to building a whole dinosaur skeleton after finding a shin bone, a little bit of evidence but mostly speculation, goofy punk rock guys who have an affinity for '80s metal. Okay, so it's a small dinosaur. (Moron Envy - 413 Berkshire Dr., Ventnor, NJ 08406)

Slink Moss - *Legend* CD

You'd be justified in expecting something grandiose from a guy who bills himself as a legend but one of the virtues of Slink's varied pop is that it is so down to earth. Billed as "demos, out-takes, scenes," this collection covers a lot of ground as Slink incorporates pop, rockabilly, and surf into his sound whether it be of the solo or full-band variety. There is even a bit of the incidental music from Slink's experimental film. Slink's ultra-smooth, laid back but never lazy vocals pull together the whole affair. Perfectly suited for late night activities of all varieties. (RattleSnake Records c/o Waterdog Music - 329 West 18th St., #313, Chicago, IL 60616)

Mutiny - *Run Rebellion* CD

A Pogues comparison was inevitable once I read the name of Mutiny's record label (Hell's Ditch is also the name of a Pogues LP, their last with Shane MacGowan). Initially I thought that was a shame as it was extremely unlikely that any combo could hold their own in such match up. I was correct in assuming that Mutiny would sound like The Pogues. I was wrong in assuming Mutiny would suck. *Run Rebellion* is quite good and easily surpassed my misguided expectations. As with The Pogues, I can not understand what Mutiny are singing about but I find the whole affair-violins and mandolins mixed with a heavy "take that, you bloody bastard" attitude-both inviting and intoxicating. Scurry-pretending! (Hell's Ditch - 2817 Newport Blvd., Newport Beach, CA 92663)

Power Pop Bob) = All (music) + Johnny Ramzskv(Goo Goo Dolls (vocals). With both hands the glossy production takes things to the point of sterility and the songs pass me by. (Except Co-ed's "Cook St. Detour" wherein the band ditched the pop punk routine and simply rocks out. If they were to write more riffs like that, I'd like the band more, have written a nicer review and thus be spared an eternity of great discomfort. Oy.) (Cool Guy Records - Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

Countdown to Putsch - Handbook for Planetary Progress CD & Book

A 100-page book and a 70-minute CD make for more than this guy has been able to absorb. Much of the text is needlessly academic and pretentious ("Accessibility. Their Part. When they substitute obscure terminology for concise vernacular to no discernible advantage, they have indeed rendered their work nugatory to the majority.") which is a shame because their lefty/progressive tendencies are anything but commonplace (and won't move much past that as it'll only be members of the choir who are willing to navigate the bulk of this handbook) but there are exceptions.

The reverent writings on teaching really struck a chord with me and the mention of Howard Gardner's theory regarding Multiple Intelligences was an unexpected pleasure. The music is based in rock but has free jazz aspirations. It's adventurous and better than other releases I've heard on the Mountain imprint but the relentless screaming is not for me. I can listen to Ornette Coleman. He plays that way because he's chosen to. The ever-screaming vocalist seems to be yelling because that's all he has at his disposal. The difference is everything.

(Mountain Cooperative - Box 220320, Brooklyn, NY 11222)

Dance Hall Crashers - Purr CD

Purr-d average ska'n'p'n'p'n'k. I'm not crazy about Elvise and Karina's vocals but that is a matter of taste, both sing quite well. The failure of this record is not their fault, I'd lay the blame on the music. The band sounds like it is on autopilot and any life they may have injected into these songs is snuffed out by the lifeless recording. This would certainly earn an A+ in Audio Production 101 but it makes for a dull listen. A scratch or a dent or some sign of imperfection would have helped the proceedings immensely.

(Pink & Blue/Fat Wreck - Box 190516, San Francisco, CA 94119)

Dick Army - Decimate 7" EP

NYC's best punk band round out their trilogy of 7's with a concept record of sorts. They use a host of soundbites from *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* to string together the EP's three songs and in one case they go a step further, turning Todd Spicelli's (sp?) video game ruminations--"the thing about Pac Man is just you have to decimate before you get decimated, it's just like life"--into the punk anthem that is the title track. I think this is on par with *Winners By Default* EP, though working at faster tempos. I'm baffled as to why these guys are not better known in punk circles but hopefully they will keep at it long enough for the masses to come around (Note: the cover art tips its cap to the Replacements' *Strut* EP and for the first time, the band has included an insert to appease twits like me who need something to glance at when imbuing their 7's.)

(AMI, Records - P.O. Box 150-517, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

Dirt Bike Annie - Hit the Rock! CD

I've been in the DBA corner since record number one, which they followed up with two more dandy EPs, EPs which set them ahead and apart of the pop punk pack. Yet as great as those 7's were, I always knew that the best was yet to come from DBA. This is it. "Are You Ready to Dance?" breaks down the door and lends interference for the ensuing 13-song pop'n'rock shindig, a stellar shindig in which DBA toss aside most pop punk conventions and carve out their own niche. This is Mutant Pop at its best. (Mutant Pop - 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

The Disappointments - C'mon Let's Get Bitter Tape

Think early XTC, dB's and/or vintage Elvis Costello and you have a sense of where this trio is coming from. But this is no mere "demonstration" tape, a reflection of a band are en route to pop greatness. It is much more than that for the Disappointments are already there, having delivered a fully-realized power pop classic. I bought two copies of this tape and made a back up copy for the future. It's a crime that such splendid pop is only available on the most fragile of formats but I am taking no chances that this tape will not be by my side when I am old and gray. A stunningly satisfying, no holds barred achievement that is absolutely brilliant.

(The Disappointments c/o Jesse Mark, 108 Moreland Street, Buffalo, NY 14206)

Dressy Bessy - Pink Hearts Yellow Moons CD

As much as I enjoy a good bowl of Lucky Charms, I can only down so much of the stuff before a stomach ache sets in. No such risks with Dressy Bessy. Their breezy, unassuming pop has absolutely no potential for negative side effects. I first heard "Makeup" on an American Pop Project compilation. I was hoping that at least a

couple of these songs would reach the heights scaled by "Makeup." I am pleased to report that "Makeup," while still brilliant, is not even the best song on *Pink Hearts*. I'd name the competition but would only end up listing each track on the CD. *Pink Hearts* is start-to-finish amazing and makes for one of the best pop albums I have ever had the pleasure of hearing. Tammy Ealom has a classic pop voice and backs it up with nothing but classic pop tunes. A bonafide pop classic that deserves to be heralded as one of the greats. Did "classic" slip into this review at some point? (Kindercore Records -

Pat Dull and his Media Whores - Gimme the Whores CD

Neither dull nor whore-like, Mr. Dull and company delivered an essential part of my soundtrack for this past summer. On the one hand this collection of power pop tunes, rocks, pops, stomps and shakes with the best of them (and make no mistake about it, power pop doesn't get much better than this). On the other hand Mr. Dull and his cohorts have the confidence to whisper now and again. That's the contrast that fuels this record, chest-thumping, rock bravado coupled with self-effacing, border-line self-loathing sensitivity ("We Have a love/hate relationship We both love you and we both hate me..." "17 Chances"). "Exploring the dichotomy of gay-dom" does not sound like much of sales pitch but if I can do that while rocking out with supreme satisfaction, I've got the best of both worlds. A marvelous record (Disk Up Records - Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

Fonda - The Invisible Girl CD

The first two tracks are out-of-this-world brilliant, shimmering Brit pop in the tradition of the best Lush or Heavenly. I was hooked after one spin and readied myself for the Fonda revolution. I stepped into my fatigues and was just about to take up arms when the balance of the record brought me back down to earth. It's good mind you but not as mesmerizing as those first two tracks. Which is fine by me, revolutions are costly and messy and all too often are unsuccessful. So I'll remain a civilian, soak in this record repeatedly and hope there is more to come from Fonda. (Top Quality Records - Box 461429, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

Fugazi - Instrument LP

The cover resembles U2's *Rattle and Hum* but whereas U2 rambled and yawned through some truly un compelling *drack*, *Instrument* is a real treat for Fugazi fans. Actually, "treat" belittles this record, making it sound like a trite "between real releases" sort of record and let me assure you, *Instrument* is anything but trite. It is the soundtrack to Jern Cohen's film of the same name and it is a truly revealing document. *Instrument* collects demos and out-takes from 1989-1997 and of the 18 tracks, 16 are instrumentals. The politics that fuel the band are set to the side and the focus is on Fugazi the band, their songs and their abilities to play off of and with one another. It's been 10 years since my friend Scott introduced me to Fugazi. I have absorbed each LP that has come out since then but no one of those LPs did more to heighten my appreciation for this remarkable band (Dischord - 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007)

Girlpope - The Whole Scene Going CD EP

As far as I can tell, we have three tiers within these eight songs. The first tier, "So Far As Now," "Real Whipped Out," "Too Much" is comprised of top flight power pop wonderfully complemented by splashes of organ and/or horns. The second tier is good power pop that might benefit from some of the organ and/or horns used on those top tier tunes. The third tier is comprised of the one tune I disliked, "Indy 500," simply too glossy. Fortunately, it is the lead track and easy enough to skip over so that I can spend my time with those first and second tier tunes, those are the ones that will have power pop fans talking.

(P22/Atom Smash Records - <http://www.p22.com/records/girlpope.html>)

Gold Circle - Enter the Mannequins CD

These Fugazi fans make no effort to cover their tracks. Nor do they draw on just the one source (there is more at work here though I can't put my finger on what). Their fractured art punk would seem at home on Dischord though Gold Circle opt to sing (and do so pretty well) whereas many in the Dischord camp favor yelpin' and screaming. I don't quite enjoy this CD but do admire how the band has managed to craft such an adventurous sound without taking themselves too seriously (as evidence I cite song titles like "Swashbuckling into the 4th Dimension" and "Marty Friedman Battles for the Throne of Satan. The Punishment Due"). I also like how Steve is credited with "treble" guitar and how the 30 second "No Sound" holds true to its title to John C'age proportions.

(Corporate Records - Box 3192, Kent, OH 44240)

Holly Golightly - You Shine b w Box Elder 7"

The former Headcoatee steps out on her own and turns in a very nice single. The A-side, taken from the *Serial Girlfriend* LP, rests on an irresistibly slinky guitar line

Personal Connections to 8-Track

GM: What are your first memories of 8-track?

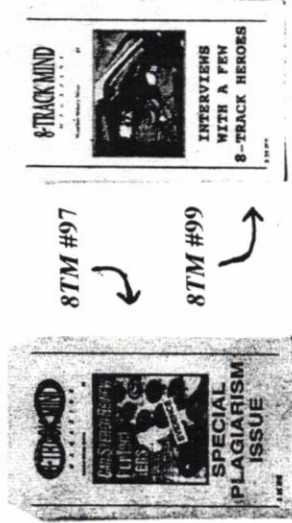
RF: Neither I nor my parents owned 8-track anything in the '70s or '80s, but I had a friend with a Ford Pinto circa 1975 (which miraculously never burst into flames) who loved driving around the suburbs blasting Rush or Queen out the windows. The first Rush album was a particular favorite - loud and stupid and not played on the radio.

GM: Any particular Queen records(s)?

RF: We listened to Queen's then-new hit album *Sheer Heart Attack*. It's still one of my faves. I like the first two albums too and the later two a bit less.

GM: What led to your renewed interest in 8-track?

RF: I actually had little interest in 8-track until 1987, when a neighbor in my apartment building moved to L.A., leaving behind her 8-track player and excellent collection of tapes. After having a Charley Rich tape get eaten beyond repair, I taught myself about the secret inner workings of the tapes and was hooked. Tragedy became destiny. The prevalence of great tapes in thrift stores solidified my obsession over the next few years.



8-Track Mind

GM: What are the zine's origins? What point in time was this?

RF: I was touring with a band named End Result in 1989, and was astonished to find like-minded 8-track fanatics along the way.

especially in Boston, MA. When I returned to Chicago from the tour, I gow-wow'd with a bunch of friends and an odd character named Gordon Van Gelder to lay out the basis for a magazine which I hoped would ferret out an 8-track underground scene which I suspected existed in small pockets all over the country. We had meetings in my apartment in 1990, developed the Statement of Purpose and the 8-Noble Truths, and laid the groundwork for a 16-page magazine which hit the streets in the fall of that year.

GM: How did you manage to crank out 100 issues?

RF: Issues 1-68 of *8-Track Mind* may or may not exist. I've never seen them and can't vouch for them. A strange old coot named Gordon Van Gelder told me and the early *87A* staff that he had started the magazine in the late '60s and got to issue 68 by the early '80s when he said the magazine folded. I think his story is bogus but I decided to keep the numbering anyway.

GM: To what extent were you involved in fanzines prior to 8-TM?

RF: I started a small record label in 1986 called Underdog Records, and from the outset depended on zines like *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* and *Flipside* and *Ben is Dead* to help promote my releases. I sent the first issue of *8-Track Mind* to a bunch of these music zines, and no one seemed to know what to make of it, so I felt I was on the right track (so to speak). I wanted a magazine that would leave people scratching their heads, but was "professionally" enough done so they

GM: Is that the same Underdog Records that is based in Chicago?

RF: Underdog Records is now just a zine but it was putting out records until 1997 or so. It's main claim to fame was a couple of Screaming Weasel records, and I think a Cap'n Jazz 7" was in there somewhere.

GM: How does the content of current issues compare with the content of early issues?

RF: The main difference is that the early issues were dominated by a small group of 8-track fans in Chicago, and now it's basically a clearinghouse for mail I receive from all over the country (and the world!). It took about 3 issues before I was able to fill the magazine with unsolicited contributions, which are still my favorite things to print.

GM: Issue #100 is approaching! Can you reveal what is in store for this special issue?

RF: Issue #99 lays out the whole plan, but briefly, my last issue as editor will have both a video and a print element, and will take me until next summer to complete. The video won't be sequel to *So Wrong They're Right* (see below) so much as an update and addendum, featuring a few aspects of 8-track and people which didn't make it into the 1995 film.

So Wrong They're Right

GM: I think the movie is brilliant conceptually (and no less successful in delivery). How long did it take to get it from the "idea in your mind" stage to "image on the screen" stage?

RF: Not long at all, mainly because I financed the entire effort myself as an alternative to going to film school. Once I felt I had the money to see the project through to completion, I sent out questionnaires to people I had come into contact through the magazine who I was dying to meet, and when the response came back overwhelmingly positive I planned out a month-long trip around the country to film. Nine months later the film was finished, and I felt like I had taken about 10 years off my lifespan.

GM: The music in the film truly runs the gamut and for the most part is unfamiliar to me. Is there a list of the songs used in the movie? If so, how might one access such a list?

RF: Ironically, almost none of the music in the film was actually taken from 8-track. We chose found sound that was not copyrighted, so a lot is from anonymous reel-to-reel tapes and records from my friend Lary 7's extensive collection of faceless schlock. A few songs were performed specifically for the film by me and Lary and a few friends, and some songs were taken off 7" records of my own musical projects like Dashing Marbles, Bald Cow, and Tasty Bush. The one currently commercially available piece of music comes from an 8-track by the amazing David Arvedon, which was released a few years back on CD by Arf! Records (In Search of the Most Unforgettable Tree We Ever Met, \$18 from P.O. Box 465/ Middleborough/MA 02346).

GM: Had you made any movies prior to SWTR? Have you made any since? Is there a chance of a follow-up film? The people presented in the movie were so vivid it would be interesting to know where they are these days.

RF: I made two short "experimental" films before *SWTR*, which I refer to as my "G-rated porn films" with tongue placed firmly in cheek. If you want to see them, check out www.supersphere.com. I've been working on collaborative films since *SWTR* (partially because that project left me spiritually wealthy but monetarily not-so-wealthy), two of which are also viewable at the Supersphere website. One 2-year collaborative degenerated into bad feelings and

More with Russ Forster!

a documentary called *Trihitory* about tribute bands in the U.S., which should be finished late next year. The video part of *8-Track Mind* #100 will have a few new interviews with some of my favorite people from *SWTR*, like young and intriguing Christine Williams, who has just finished college and has a new hairstyle.

G.M: What impact did the movie have on the fanzine?

R.F: That's hard for me to say, because both have appealed to a rather small audience of people already into 8-track. The film might have made a few people scratch their heads and wonder why it was ever made, and might have helped make *8-Track Mind* one of the most renowned magazines that people have heard of but never read.



Russ performing with Fudgetunnel, circa '86

What's next, the internet, outside interests

G.M: Is the *Journal of Obsolete Technology* still a possibility? If so, what form might this publication take?

R.F: *J.O.T.* is still in its planning phase, but enough interest has been generated by my talk of starting it that I think it's a feasible idea for a magazine. It would probably be a more serious effort than *8-Track Mind* has been; more like a RE/Search publication, and more scholarly and researched in nature. We are too quick to embrace new technologies without learning from old ones in this country, so I would hope that this magazine would serve a serious purpose as well as an ironic one.

G.M: I think it's interesting that *8-Track* maintains a presence on the internet (in the form of the *8-Track Heaven* site). To what extent are you involved in the site?

R.F: As you might expect, I've been slow to jump into the e-world, as I allow my renowned ludic tendencies to hold me back from the future. The primary architects of the website (www.8trackheaven.com) are Abigail Lavine and Malcolm Riviera, and I love the work they've done on it. Unfortunately, the 8-track world in general has gone in more of an eBay direction than I would have liked to have seen, and the next few years will probably see many on-line rants by

me against the commodification of 8-track by collectors with way too much time and money on their hands.

G.M: How do you think the internet has affected or will affect the 8-track underground?

R.F: It's worked to make 8-track less underground, in a sense, with all of the perversion such a move entails. People see 8-track as objects with market value, which 10 years ago I would have never thought possible, and the internet has become the flea market of choice for very many 8-track collectors. I guess I'm just not that kind of collector - I buy the things to shove them into a player and dance around the room like a possessed marionette. The new breed of internet collectors seem to lack senses of humor, perspective, and irony.

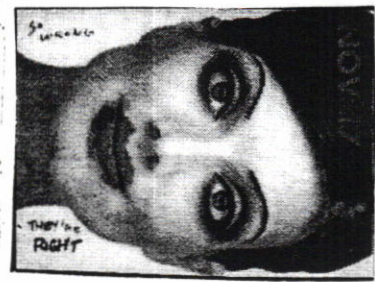
G.M: At the other end of the spectrum (from the high price internet auctions) are folks like the 8-Track Gorilla. When did you first encounter this character? Can you share with our readers some of his exploits?

R.F: Apparently, the man behind the Gorilla saw *SWTR* in Athens, GA in 1996 (one of about 6 or 7 people who braved the hot back room the film was showing in) and became a true believer in the power of the infinite loop. He started incorporating 8-tracks into various band projects he was involved with, and when he acquired a gorilla suit for \$20 a few years later, he formulated the amazing 8-track karaoke personality called the 8-Track Gorilla. Video of some of the Gorilla's performances will appear in *8-Track Mind* #100, and hopefully the Gorilla will be touring with R.E.M. soon or something so we Yankkees can get a chance to see the craziness up close and personal.

G.M: What are your interests outside of 8-track (professional and/or otherwise)?

R.F: I'm a pretty curious person, so I've got plenty of interests. At the moment I'm obsessed with new wave music, exercise videos, foot fetishes, Maya Deren (experimental filmmaker who should be a lot more famous), my cats, fires in the fireplace. If I could only find a profession which these preoccupations could fit into.

8TM #90



One of the handmade tape covers for SWTR

Choosing 8-track does not have to be a trite act of nostalgia. It can be a political act as significant as burning a plastic American flag that was made in Taiwan or buying your entire wardrobe from a local thrift store. The 8-track lifestyle is not for everyone but it is a serious alternative for those who feel betrayed by the masters of marketing who constantly tell us what to hear and how to hear it. So what if the tape unravels and grinds to a cacophonous halt in the player? I'd rather feel pain than feel numb. (Closing narration from *So Wrong They're Right*)

Our resident reviewer proclaims himself to be a pop music know-it-all. He can spout off all he likes, he works for cheap and that's how he's managed to hold down this gig. (Don't let him tell you otherwise. Our market research informs us that virtually no one actually reads the review section anyway. Space filler.) Before we go any further allow us to state The Go Metric Review Policy: Everything we recieve is reviewed and copies of those reviews are sent to each of the labels or bands. Now on with the...um... what does he insist on calling it? The, umm, "on-going saga of one man's time-consuming, expensive, perhaps ultimately foolish search for excellent music." Right.

Los Record Reviews

by Mike Faloon

(Greetings, fellow music connoisseurs!) There are fewer records to report on this time (60+, down from 70+ last issue) but for the most part that simply means less crap to moun and groan about and more space for the good stuff. And as always, I've complemented the records I was given by the *GMJ* editors with stuff I've come across on my own. Let's get to it, shall we?



Aerialist - *ST7 CD*

Larry plays synth and sings. Steveie plays drums. Together they muster up an EP's worth of thoroughly enjoyable, unassuming synth pop. So easily this could have lapsed into a pretentious mess but Aerialist keep the mood light and stay the course (the fact that Larry's vocals remind me a bit of John S. Hall (King Missile)-not to be confused with Orleans' John Hall-is a good thing). A most pleasant surprise. And wait, is that a star on "Shipnatick"? Yes, it is (or at least the star setting on Larry's synth). An upgrade for Aerialist, they are too good to be couch. First class all the way! (Aerialist - 2713 Wilson Blvd, Apt. 1, Arlington, VA 22201)

The Aislens Set - "Bein' Hidden" b/w "Fire Engines" 7"

Judging from this single, one might think that crafting brilliant indie pop is as easy as falling out of bed in the morning. The Aislens Set make it sound so effortless with their big, sunny pop hooks and healthy regard for Phil Spector (use that Ronettes beat just once and you are certain to get the Phil Spector tag!). Anyone who knows of other Aislens Set releases (or having any clue as to what an Aislens Set is), kindly get in touch. This record blazes too brightly to be a mere flash in the pan. (555 Recordings/Slumberland Records, neither of whom could be bothered to list an address. Arg.)

The Anchormen - *The Boy Who Cried Love CD*

Once upon a time there was a genre known as indie rock, the domain of shaggy haired guys and girls who wanted to rock out in a smart manner and do a record for SST or Homestead along the way. I think the people who would have formed indie rock bands 10 years ago are now forming emo bands. But not The Anchormen! They fight the good fight and they are worthy of much praise. They have a great sense of humor, a sound that calls to mind DREHOSE and Big Dripper, and the good sense to maintain a short program (13 tracks/22 minutes) that keeps this reporter coming back for more. And to top off the whole affair, their drummer is none other than the legendary Jetho (Zakaj) of R2D2 is an Indie Rocker/Hyperfunk fame. This is a marvelous record! (Unstoppable Records - Box 441915, Somerville, MA 02144)

Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys - *Radio Favorites 3 x 7"*

Sandy and the boys swing, twang, rock and roll through six truly top of the pops numbers. This would, could and should go over well with any fan of vintage swing, country or rockabilly. The songwriting is masterful, the playing inspired and the "aw shucks" delivery pulls it all together. The gatefold, triple 7" package, complete with a fully functional "dial-a-hit" song selector, caps off the shindig. Big fun all the way! (HMG/Hightone - 230 4th Street, #101, Oakland, CA 94607)

Blotchpool - *ST7"*
Bronze thist! Seal the master tapes in a climate controlled setting. Let us take no chances that future generations are denied the privilege, nay, the right, to hear this record. Puked up takes on Phil Spector-quality pop songs. I was ready to dismiss this because of the dopey band name (a take on Girlschool or a nod to the Spinal Tap song, I wonder) but would urge you not to make the same mistake. It takes a lot of smarts to come up with rock this (intentionally) stupid and wonderfully satisfying. I may never attend the hallowed halls of Blotchpool but that shant keep me from being a vocal booster of all that they do and stand for. Blotch-tastic! (Lipstick Records - 5088 Camino Alta Mira, Castro Valley, CA 94546)

The Blacks - *Call the Shots 7" EP*

First up, they are not black. They are a trio of crackers from Sweden and questionable taste aside, they rock with a bluesy roots-based punk sound recorded on the slimmest of budgets. And I believe they have opted for a guitar/guitar attack, instead of the traditional guitar/bass approach which yields a Hound Dog Taylor-like maximum fuzziness. First rate rock from across the pond (Big Neck Records - Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

Buck - *Christmas in My Heart 7" EP*

Three Christmas tunes delivered in three different styles by one terrific band. The holiday party gets under way with the country-flavored title track. The twang in Lisa Malar's voice really shines and there is some fine steel guitar work too (perhaps bringing us one step closer to the full-fledged country record I hope she makes one day). "Santa Baby" shows the band working a laid back pop number quite well though the naughty lyrics might be best served after the youngin's have gone off to sleep. The EP closes with the band flexing their punked-up pop muscles on "Father Christmas" (not the Kinks' song) with Pepper on lead vocals. Another engaging chapter in the Buck saga, now for that second LP! (Sympathy for the Record Industry, who don't seem to like placing their postal address on their releases)

Candygirl - "Oh, Jacky Boy" b/w "Candygirl" 7"

Wow, what a platter! They have studied their pop history well--name checking 20/20, interpolating the pre-chorus from Elvis Costello's "Radio, Radio", crediting Todd Rundgren, as their engineer--and the proof is in the wax. Both sides are perfectly crafted pop gems that are every bit as tasty as the best efforts of their mentors. A smashing debut! (Jelstar Records - 1634 Breida Ave, St. Paul, MN 55108)

Neko Case & The Sadlers/Kelly Hogan and the Melowcrescents - *The Shortening Sessions: A Tribute to Loretta Lynn - Split 7"*

I bought this because I had heard so many good things about the blossoming country career of Neko Case (ex-Meadow, ex-cub). Then I realized that Kelly Hogan used to front the tragically overlooked Jody Grind and that this split was a tribute to Loretta Lynn. Much more than I had bargained for. Both singers and their respective backing bands play it straight and respectful with Ms. Hogan's side being my favorite of the two. The results are most pleasing and would certainly make Ms. Lynn proud. (Bloodshot Records - 912 W. Addison, Chicago, IL 60613)

The Causey Way - *W V C D CD EP*

The gent on the cover is wearing a t-shirt that proclaims "The Causey Way is not a cult." If every song on this EP was as brilliant as "Science Made Me a Homosapien" there would be no need for the Causey Way to be a cult, they would be a fully approved and accredited phenomena. On that song, The Causey Way and their synth-driven new wave idiosyncrasy are in league with the best Devo, Servotron or Luxo Champ. Under normal circumstances, I'd leave it at that, one great song on an okay EP. End of story. But the thing is that the Causey Way are guided by a concept--a ridiculous concept that boasts how "The malevolent forces of traditional science have attempted to cast doubt about the ability of Causey's methods to satisfy the public's needs. We of the Causey Way believe that there is a little Causey in everyone--it need only be honed and developed, increase your love offerings, share your testimony with others, learn all ways Causey"--and I simply can not resist bands who take the time to devise foolish concepts. So I will register this otherwise so-so EP as a keeper and maintain an awareness for the next Causey Way offering. I have a feeling they are on to something (Put It On A Cracker - Box 2944, Gainesville, FL 32602)

Co-ed/Rotten - *A Split Recording CD*

I am going to hell for writing this review. I know it. These bands look like the friendliest people in the world (probably nicer than some of the grumps and aloof characters who populate many of my favorite bands) but neither catches my fancy



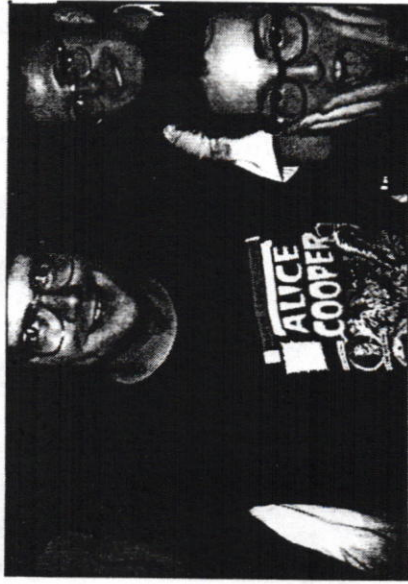
An Evening at Castle Rozek (Green Bay, WI)



Matt Wang & His Dad, owner of the "Punk Rock Attic" ("Funky Cold" Medina (or, The Cadillac of Medina's), OH)



The Animatronics (Baltimore, MD)



Rocktober contributor Gentleman John Battles



Ruth's Hat (Detroit, MI)



A thoroughly rocked audience in the city of Detroit

BEATLE BOB

An Interview with GM!

Last summer I went on tour with the Kung Fu Monkeys. A couple of days before landing in St. Louis, we learned that the legendary Beatle Bob might be attending our show in that city. I first heard of Beatle Bob through a fanzine's report on a music festival. I've forgotten the zine and the festival but not the zine's description of Bob, the Midwest's always-present, always-dancing rock 'n' roll fanatic with the Beatle-era mop top, the spirited forty-something who appears at countless shows and festivals across the country, the uber-fan who turns fandom into an on-going performance. Turns out that Beatle Bob did make our show. The sight of him dancing up a storm at the front of the stage really lit up the band (and audience). Ditto for his chants of "Kung Fu Monkeys are fab!" and "Kung Fu Monkeys gear!" He topped it off by being a really nice guy with an encyclopedia-like knowledge (of music and St. Louis-related sports) and boundless enthusiasm. After a few rounds of phone tag, we caught up this spring. (Interview by Mike Falcón)

Go Metric: There are so many ways we could get started but I'm wondering what would you qualify as the last great show you saw?
Beatle Bob: There have been a lot of great shows coming into town lately but I'd say a perennial favorite, from your neck of the woods, the Boss, Bruce Springsteen. Got to meet him too. The Boss is true rock 'n' roll fever, knockin' down the tunes pretty good. I'll tell you what, I was pretty inspired last year by the Buena Vista Social Club movie and the Afro-Cuban All-Stars were just here in St. Louis. That was a dynamically uplifting show, it was nothing but a party the whole night, quite a gathering of kindred souls shakin' their booties on the dance floor. Another one of my old favorites from the '60s era was



back, doing an all-star show, Burt Bacharach. It was pretty hot. He was in town for three days and I went all three days. That was a wonderful three nights of phenomenal music.

GM: Wow, some pretty big acts coming through town...
BB: Yeah, some good local and regional acts too. Saw the Donnas, really good pop punk band, they put on a blistering good show here not too long ago. The Cup Cakes, a really good pop punk band, they put on a diverse show. I really like the energy they put into it.
GM: Last summer, we (Kung Fu Monkeys) played with a great St. Louis band called The Honkeys, any chance you've...
BB: Yeah, they're doing pretty good here in St. Louis, they're getting more and more fans. They're very happy with the way things are going and they're working on a recording to put out this year.

GM: Is your streak of consecutive nights going to shows still in fact?

BB: Yeah, the streak is still in tact. As long as there is something good going on out there, I'm going to keep going out. People often tell me, "Bob, not every night can there be something that great going on," and I say, "well, no, it doesn't have to be great, just as long as it's good." I want to leave the club or venue that I go to saying, "I had a really good time tonight." I just want to leave musically satisfied. The other part that makes it a lot of fun too is the whole thing of going to the club. You go out as often as I do and you know all the people who work there, waiters, bartenders, sound guys, security guys, and different fans. You see different fans at different types and styles of shows, talking to them before or in-between acts or after the show. It's the whole experience, not just the music itself.

GM: So what is the streak up to as of today (4/17/00)?
BB: I usually count it up at the end of the week, let me see... 1,129.

GM: That's amazing, you're like the Lou Gehrig or Cal Ripken of the music scene.

BB: Yeah right, I think about that myself.
GM: Do you document the shows that you've seen?
BB: Yeah, I do. I was inspired by my uncle as a youngster, six or seven. He always took me to ball games and we'd always have a souvenir to

MORE WIN DEUCE DOW!



document it other ways too. If there's a flyer, I'll save it. Or a poster or a ticket stub.

GM: By going to shows so often do you ever have time to listen to music at home?

BB: Yeah, I do. I try to catch up with it, a little bit going to work and coming from work. It's tough to catch up with the records. I get a lot of CDs, doing reviews you get a lot of promos and it's tough, you want to give these bands a chance, it costs a lot of money for these bands because some of them put it out themselves. I at least owe them a chance to listen to it. Eventually I'll get to them.

GM: It must be hard to do both, most people favor one or the other, going to shows or collecting records...

BB: And by listening to the new stuff, you'd like to hear some of your old favorites, you know. I was thinking about that the other day. I don't know if you've seen this great movie that's out now called *High Fidelity*. If you're a record collector, it hits you and even more so if you've ever worked in a record store. It hits on a lot of different channels and even the love life of John Cusack, it touches on a lot of good points that are poignant in all of our lives. Any girls that we ever dated or that left us for whatever reason. It's a really humorous but very poignant tale, it works on two great levels. You'd dig it.

GM: Thanks for the tip, it's on my list of movies to see. You mentioned writing reviews, are those for fanzines or magazines or...

BB: It's a lot of things. Different out of town publications, couple in St. Louis, freelance and stuff. I do some radio specials for a station here in St. Louis called KDHX, which is a community radio station, 88.1. My job, besides the specials, is to get people to come into our station to do a live performance or interview. A couple weeks ago I heard that like Turner was in town, because he was based in St. Louis for so many years, and I got him to come down. He's got a new book out now, *Takin' Back My Name*, and a new CD, and we interviewed him for about an hour and a half. Heck of a nice guy.

GM: I know you go to a lot of music festivals too. Which ones would you list as your favorites?

BB: One of my favorites, it's coming up in a couple of weeks, it's called the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. Don't be misled by the word "jazz," even though I do love jazz, it's more than that. It takes place down in New Orleans over two weekends. It's a dandy, it's the World Series of them all. They hold it at this horse race track and there are stages all around the track, about 16 stages. What gives it that special flavor though is what's going on on the grass part of the infield. You've got these food booths there, great Louisiana food. Then you've got all these great heritage booths, homemade clothing, homemade instruments. It's just amazing. Very colorful, everything about it. Another one I look forward to because I'm honored to be the MC of it, it's called Sleaze Fest, that's in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. It's always the first full weekend in August at a club called Local 506. The band that started it is one of my favorite party bands in America, Southern Culture on the Skids. They've got all different genres—rockabilly, shockabilly, surf instrumentals, '60s garage punk, a little touch of roots country, roots rock 'n' roll—it's an amazing festival. It comes with a southern-style barbecue and they video tape it and they put these big go-go dance cages on the stage that anybody can get into and dance while the band is playing. It can get pretty wild, I tell ya, pretty wild.

GM: We've been talking about favorite festivals, how about favorite bands?

BB: Well, the Beatles, number one. The Rolling Stones, they're not quite the band they used to be but they're still good. Chuck Berry, I like Chuck. I dig the Beach Boys, different eras of their music, I'm a big fan. Ike & Tina Turner, when they were at their best, the Kings of Rhythm. James Brown is way, way up there. Otis Redding is one of my



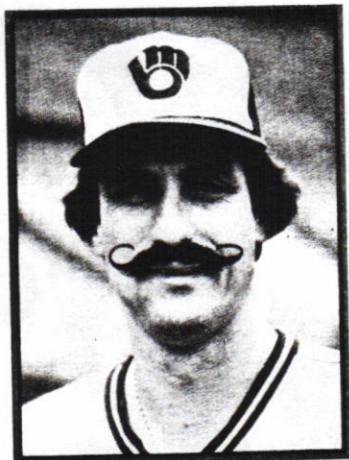
Chic-a-Go-Go Host Miss Mia (Chicago, IL)



Mixelpricks (Lafayette, IN)



Graceland Too (Holly Springs, MS)



Cy Young Award Winner
& Honorary Dork
Rollie Fingers



The Punk Parent with Matthew, Mairee
& Maria (Green Bay, WI)



The Disappointments (Buffalo, NY)



Beatle Bob (St. Louis, MO)



The Boris Jerks (Green Bay, WI)

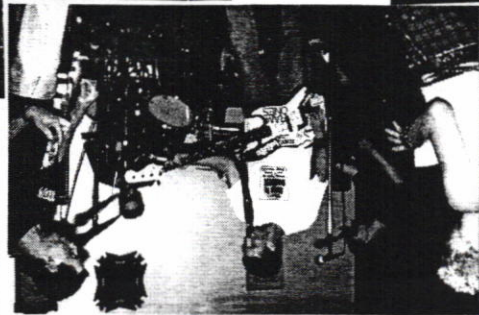
KUNG FU MONKEYS: TOUR '99

Last summer, the Kung Fu Monkey's embarked on a fun-filled two-week tour of the US of A. We played 13 engagements over the course of 14 days with zero vehicle problems and only one cancellation. The touring gods were smiling upon us, especially when it came to the people we met on tour. Night after night after night we played with people out with, and stayed with some of the nicest, most generous people in the world. The photos included here represent but the tip of the "People Who Deserve Postage Stamps in Their Honor" iceberg. (Due to problems with cameras and camera operators, a number of swell lads and lassies are missing from this collage. I scrounged my memory and came up with the list below, which may in fact be incomplete. My apologies to those I may have overlooked.)



Garage Sale (Baltimore, MD)

Honeymoon Habit (Farmington, MO)



Jessa Cryptic (Buffalo, NY)



Break Up! CEO Pat Dull (Columbus, OH)



The Shakes (Chicago, IL)



Appreciated but not depicted due to the aforementioned oversights & snafus: Matt Barber, Brett Essler, Dave Spodie, Connie Dungs, Peabody's, Cock-a-doodle Kazoo, Dorks, Stan & Amber, Left Out, Lynwoods, Jake Austen, Jackie Stewart, Throbs, Scrubs, Cats & Jammers, Fugue, Honkeys, and my brother Pat, for once again pulling up one of my bands for multiple nights.

all-time favorites. Of course, the king himself, Elvis, the early stuff, all the Sun stuff and some of the RCA stuff.

GM: When did you first start getting into music?

BB: Early '60s, maybe '60 itself. I was seven years old then. I can remember a little bit of the '50s. My mom listened to Top 40 radio but I think it really started kicking in around '60 and it really took full force when the Beatles hit the scene.

GM: When the British Invasion kicked in?

BB: Yeah, all that great stuff and there was a lot of other good stuff going on too, the girl groups and the surf music and Motown, Atlantic Records, all the great soul stuff. Stax, a lot of great soul labels at the time, good folk rock, all sorts of great stuff going on on Top 40 radio in those days.

GM: Do you remember what your first show was?

BB: Yeah, my first show was a gigantic one, it was Jerry Lee Lewis. He was there, he was kind of a star, he was playing tiny places. We were at this little place, I was in Missouri called St. Genevieve. We were playing at this little place, and my uncle found out that Jerry Lee was playing at this place, called the Blue Whale, so we went over there to see him that night. That let me in because they knew at seven years old I was going to drink. It was a great show, I'll never forget it, it was like a scene from a movie. Right in the middle of his performance, a big fight broke out at the bar, chairs and bottles going over peoples' heads, throwing punches. My uncle whisked me out of there and we watched from outside, through the window, looking in. There was a scene I'll never forget, while everybody was fighting there's Jerry Lee still going on, playing with a real devilish grin on his face, just lovin' it. I said to myself, that's rock 'n' roll right there.

GM: That's quite a standard to set with your first show.

BB: Electrifying. He didn't care if it was a small club or not, he came at it with that arrogance and that defiance that has always been a pillar of his personality. He really cut loose.

GM: Is this the same uncle you mentioned earlier?

BB: Yeah, my Uncle Bill. Turned me onto a lot of great stuff.

GM: So you're native to the St. Louis area?

BB: Yeah, born and raised.

GM: Outside of music, if you don't mind my asking, what do you do in terms of day to day stuff?

BB: My forty-hour a week job, believe it or not, I'm a social worker. I do a lot of counseling and rehabilitation work with kids, mostly teenagers. And the reason I can take off so much, a lot of people have asked me this, is because in our field there's a big burnout rate. I work for the state and if you work a lot of overtime you get a couple extra days off.

GM: There's a lot of stress in a job like that. I guess the shows you go to serve another purpose then.

BB: That's true. After a hard day at work there's nothing better than to let your hair down and kick out the jams and get away from a day of stress by listening to some good music, no matter what genres it's in.

GM: Were you ever a performer yourself?

BB: More so in the '60s, a couple of local bands. I'd say from about '65-'67. Basically in grade school, believe it or not. Then I got into high school sports and when you play sports in high school you have practice every day and I got out of the habit of being in a band. And, I know this is kind of anti-rock 'n' rollish to say this but, I took my studying pretty seriously. I was raised that way, from the Catholic nuns. I still went to a lot of shows and bought a lot of records. I wanted to get back into it but just didn't. I played rhythm guitar and it was tough getting gigs when you're in grade school. So what we did, I was a real hustler, we played outdoors. One time we played right outside in front of a doughnut shop. Our payment was \$5 each and a big bag of doughnuts. That's pretty good when you're in sixth grade. Another

We did all covers. I think we did one or two originals but it was enough of a battle just to learn the big hits of the day. Like I said, you had to hustle. You couldn't get many grade school dances, there was still that shyness. You had to play for the kids of your own grade level. You know how that was, if you're in seventh grade you can't be seen with a sixth grader. You had to have it out in the open so the older crowd, by older I mean seventh or eighth graders, wouldn't have to say they were going to that show, they just happen to be in the area walking by. Pool parties, those were pretty popular. You're out in the open, your excuse to go to the thing was to go swimming, free food. We left it out in the open so everybody didn't feel confined or awkward.

GM: That's a pretty astute reading of crowd dynamics.

BB: I knew what we were up against.

GM: It sounds like at some point there's a connection between what you do professionally and what you do with all the music stuff.

BB: Obviously if you follow the new groups, you're aware of the culture. Hip hop, the angry punk thing. You can see where it spills over and the reasons for the alienation. You don't try to act cool, I don't mention group's names, but it does give you a feeling for what's out there, how unsettling this era is, why these kids are venting their anger. It's tough. You can't always read 'em right, you just hope they're open with you and know you're not trying to use this (knowledge of contemporary music) against them or just patronizing them or trying to judge them. (At this point our conversation centered around working with kids but a chunk of the talk was lost during the flip of the tape.)



Look for beatlebob.com soon!

"...last year (I saw) 4,126 bands"

GM: I've got one more question, and this might make for a nice way to close, I'm wondering if you can tell me about the last night you did miss a show.

BB: It was Christmas Eve 1996. It was an unusually slow night that year, there was only one good guy out there, a really good folkie. I was running around, I had relatives coming in and I didn't have a streak going then, I gotta point that out, I missed a couple of days that year anyway. I was kind of beat and figured I would just relax, just kind of collapsed at home. So the streak actually started on Christmas Day. I didn't say to myself that I was going to start a streak but as time went on, I didn't want this to end. It's fun doing this and why end it now.

Still coming strong



CREATION

Mighty Mod Masters of Musical Mayhem

By Your Humble Servant
John David Cawley



Below Zero?

E: No.

GM: They did this great, Jam-like song called "11 + 11," or so I think it's called and I've looked for the record for years and never found it and always find myself having this conversation with people who like *The Young Ones*. I'm sorry. So the Madness tattoo was number one and number two was...

E: I got a tribal on my arm.

GM: A tribal? When you say "a tribal" what does that mean. Clearly, I know nothing about tattoos. (Mark rolls up his right sleeve and reveals the "tribal.") Wow, that's intense. It looks like a really intricate plant hanger. I'm sure it's something of much greater significance.

E: It's just an abstract design.

GM: It looks like a wrought iron plant hanger to this uninformed mind.

E: Everyone says something different. I've heard a monster, a monkey. I've heard it all.

The
Millencolin
Monkey



GM: And number three?

E: This monkey on my leg, from the Millencolin CD. The fourth was the fish, underneath the tribal.

GM: Those two complement each other very well.

E: And then the Egghead, one and then Dirt Bike Annie.

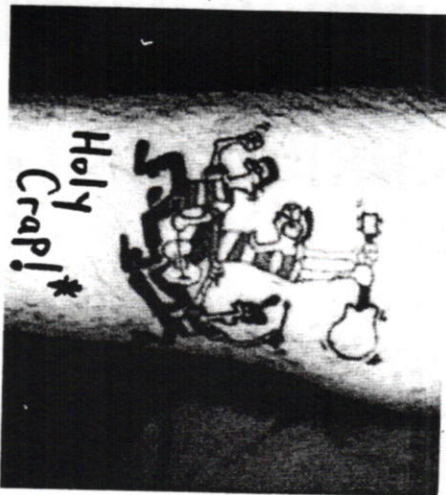
GM: Going back to the Egghead, tattoo as that is the one that drew my attention. Gerge made you the tape and then you got the records but as I understand it you never saw us live. That's weird for me because I thought the only people who liked Egghead, had seen us live.

E: That's not the case.

GM: So you were won over by the records. Do you have a favorite song?

E: I couldn't put it to just one. "Donna's Always Mad at Me."

GM: Neighborhood Palm Reader. "Rookie Year." I like it all.



Holy
Crapi!

* Indicates my reaction to the Egghead, tattoo. The phrase "Holy Crap!" is not tattooed on Enoch's calf.

GM: Okay, Egghead, was number five and then came the Dirt Bike tattoo. What brought you into the Dirt Bike Annie camp?

E: I got their 7" from Mutant Pop and I saw them and fell in love and I've been to every show in the city since.

GM: If you were to recommend a Dirt Bike song to someone who didn't know the band, which song would it be?

E: It would probably be something from the... I don't know. It would depend on the person. I couldn't say just one song. Probably "What's Happening, Hot Stuff," that's what caught me.

GM: I sense that the well of questions is running dry, let me consult my list. Name, check. Date and place of birth, check. Height and weight. Wait, I didn't do those!

E: I guess I'm about 5'7", 5'8", 140.

GM: We'll give you 5'8," you know, intimidate the competition. Who did the Egghead, tattoo?

E: This guy Cort at Cliff's.

GM: If you don't mind my asking, how much did it set you back?

E: \$120.

GM: When did you have it done?

E: You first showed it to me last summer, in July, at Dirt Bike's record release party.

E: I had it done about three weeks or a month before that.

GM: So what else do you like in the way of music?

E: My favorites would be Dirt Bike, Egghead, The Kung Fu Monkeys.

I'm really into most of the Mutant Pop stuff. Recently, it's been Ruth's Hat and The Wanna Bes.

GM: And of the CDs on Mutant Pop?

E: Definitely The Comic Dungs, either the self-titled one or *Earthbound for the Holiday*.

GM: I believe that is it. Is there anything I've overlooked that you'd like to add?

E: No.

GM: I guess that's a wrap. Thanks very much for your time.

E: Sure, no problem.

(I did overlook one question, which Enoch fielded via email)

GM: What do you do in your civilian, non-music-related life?

You mentioned that your job almost took you to St. Kitts (the Caribbean island where my wife has been studying veterinary medicine for the past three years).

E: I am a Systems Engineer (a title for a glorified computer technician with a bunch of computer certifications) at a Long Island based company that installs and maintains computer networks in various school districts.

I was down in Barbados setting up servers to be installed on the island of St. Kitts but, the contract was not finalized by time I was down there so I never made the trip to St. Kitts. A co-worker has since finished that job.

CUBA

MAFI

Puerto Rico

St. Kitts

Jamaica

Dominican



1 - Dirt Bike Annie
2 - Madness

An Evening with... ENOGH

My old band, Egghead., broke up in early 1998. In the summer of 1999 I learned that someone had gotten an Egghead. tattoo--the first and probably only Egghead. tattoo. That someone turned to be Mark Enoch, or as he is better known, Enoch. I did not know Enoch at the time but have gotten to know him since. As this is the Fan issue, I felt it fitting to include a chat with Enoch. The tattoo sparked the idea of an interview but the goal was to get a better sense of Enoch: The Fan of Music. He proved himself to be a humble, patient gentlemen in complying with my request. What follows is our conversation that took place one chilly night in January 2000, outside of a club in NYC. (Interview by Mike Faloon)

Go Metric: I wanted to get a sense of the foundations of Enoch's appreciation of music. First songs you remember, first records you bought, first favorite band, those sorts of things.

Enoch: I don't know, probably something like Poison.

GM: When did you start moving into punk rock?

E: I was in 10th grade so about five, six years ago.

GM: Radio, tv, friends?

E: A friend

GM: Like the mix tape route?

E: Yeah, basically. I heard it in his car, his room.

GM: His? Who are you referring to?

E: My friend Dave.

GM: And what kind of stuff was Dave into that he was sharing with you?

E: Fat Wreck Records type of stuff, like NOFX.

GM: That stuff still with you?

E: No, not really. Then I really got into ska for a bit and then I grew out of that phase and here I am.

GM: When you say ska, was it contemporary stuff or...

E: A little bit of everything.

GM: I don't want to skip ahead but I do notice your fondness for Madness (he showed me his Madness too prior to the interview). Did that come out of that era?

E: Yeah, pretty much.

GM: The Specials, English Beat?



E: Yeah, and some of the newer stuff like The Pietasters.
GM: Some of that stuff still stick with you?
E: Very little. The Pietasters, a little ska punk but not much.
GM: I must confess that the reason I was drawn to the idea of an interview was the presence of an Egghead. tattoo on your...
E: Right
GM: Right ankle.
E: Well, calf. It's not really on the ankle.
GM: Right. Let's go back, what or who got you into Egghead.?
E: My friend Gerge made me a mix tape.



Mark David Enoch
Born: April 17, 1979, Patchogue, Long Island
Bats: Left Throws: Left

GM: Gerge of Supermatchboxx?

E: That's correct and it had "She's Coming Back" on it. I fell in love and a week later I was like, "Yo, you got to make me a tape of all the Egghead. stuff." He did and I really loved it. Then one day I was taking him to get a tattoo and I kind of wanted one also. I was flipping through his 7's and pulled out the (Egghead. vs.) Trivie Belden split and thought, "oh, my God" so I took it and did it.

GM: A spontaneous decision.

E: Pretty much, yeah.

GM: How long after getting the Egghead. tattoo was it before you awoke one morning and thought to yourself, "Good God! What have I done to myself?"

E: That has not happened yet.

GM: And that was your first tattoo?

E: No, that was my fourth?

GM: Fourth? Okay, let's back up a bit. Which was the first?

E: The Madness one.

GM: Where was that done?

E: Cliff's in Patchogue, Long Island.

GM: Painful experience?

E: Not really.

GM: What's your favorite Madness song or record?

E: The "Our House" era. That got me from when they played on *The Young Ones*. That hooked me in.

Lichtenstein, and if there is a sonic equivalent to Lichtenstein's paintings, The Creation are it. There are numerous other delights on *Volume 2* such as the heartbreakingly beautiful, "Eleanor Rigby"-esque string section intro to "Life is Just Beginning." Other standout tracks include "Through My Eyes" and the Partridge Family-like "Midway Down" with its bouncy melody and unforgettable "la-la-la" chorus. The Creation's sense of humor rears its rarely-seen head in their version of "Hey Joe." While I'm sure most readers are tired of "Hey Joe," the singer/narrator says, "Hey Joe, there's something I gotta tell you. It was me with your woman today...I felt so bad...I just stood by and watched my lady die." While every version I've heard of "Hey Joe" (and they are legion) was dour and humorless, The Creation added the twist of making the singer himself the cuckold of Joe! *Volume 2* also has a great instrumental called "Sylvette." It's the kind of song that a musical group featured on, say, a TV show like *Amy Poehler* would play, a catchy little guitar rocker with pretensions to do no more than get your toe tappin'. Ending *Volume 2* is another live TV recording from Germany, "Try and Stop Me," a song featured on *Volume 1* as well.

My only complaint about the Retroactive Creation compilations is the duplication of songs on each CD. On each volume there are actually three versions of one song, and they really aren't that much different from each other. Why not put alternate versions on the other volume so if someone only buys one volume they aren't getting so many versions of the same song and instead get some different songs? (I guess Retroactive Records wants everyone to buy both volumes.) This pointless duplication of songs reaches its crescendo at the end of *Volume 2* where tracks 17 and 18 are both versions of the SAME SONG! What genius decided to do that?

But these really are minor quibbles. If, like me, dear reader, you can't really afford expensive import CDs you can't beat Retroactive's Creation compilations as an economical way to enjoy some previously rare mod pop gems from the '60s. I really feel these Creation CDs would be of crucial interest to any *Go Metric* readers who are into The Kinks or '60s beat music in general. And no, I don't work for Retroactive Records!

The Creation's records were produced by Shel Talmy, who many *Go Metric* readers undoubtedly know produced not only the early recordings of The Kinks but also those of The Who. Talmy's influence is extremely apparent in the sound of both recent Creation releases--the guitar and drum sounds are almost identical to that of The Who's *Sing Along with the Boys* album. On *Volume 1* the standout tracks are, of course, "Making Time" (The Creation's bonafide Mod anthem), "Try and Stop Me" ("For All That I Am," "I Am the Walker" and the poppy "Instrumental #1." The twenty-song CD is rounded out by a smashing live version of "Making Time" culled from the 1966 German TV show, *Beat Beat Beat*.

The dearth of live footage of The Creation is especially frustrating because by all accounts they were a very exciting and visual pop group. The Creation in live spray painting a canvas and then either hacking it to bits or burning it as a grand finale to their set. This seems to exemplify The Creation's typical Mod obsession with pop art. Another visual flourish in The Creation's live appearance was the theatrical use of a violin bow by guitarist Eddie Phillips. This concept was later "borrowed" by Jimmy Page (Shel Talmy himself says Page "nicked it"). Listen up, Kinks fans. Talmy also said "The Creation were his "biggest regret...the band that didn't make it that should have." He also said "they were certainly as good as The Who or The Kinks."

What more validation do you need? At least buy *Volume 1: Making Time* and bask in their mod musical splendor.

Volume Two: Biff Bung Pow starts off, appropriately enough, with the title track, another Mod anthem. The title alone brings to mind the pop art paintings of Roy

Dave is referring to the "Bands with 5 Guys Suck" Theory first espoused in *GM* #4. I'm sticking to my guns on such thinking and for those who miss the early stages of this discussion, allow me to state bands with 5 guys suck, they best they can hope to accomplish is "greatest hits band" status, a band that is safely summed up on one CD. Further, Chas are exactly what I had in mind when proposing the theory. As for the Stones, I consider them a great 6-piece band from '64-'72 (if Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts count then so does Ian Stewart) and a rather embarrassing outfit for the past 28 years. Thus, conforming perfectly to the controversial yet ever-accurate theory--Mike

Well, the aforementioned Oasis is a five-member band that DOESN'T suck and their albums were released on Creation Records which was named after The Creation, a '60s British pop group. Ever since the late '70s I was intrigued by The Creation. My favorite group at that time was The Jam, and in interviews Paul Weller would cite the early Who, The Small Faces and The Creation as major mod influences on his work. Records by The Who and The Small Faces were easy to find but The Creation remained maddeningly elusive. Flash forward about twenty years to the release of movie called *Rushmore*. I saw the trailer on television and the background music was a guitar-crumching pop masterpiece sounding quite a bit like a neglected gem by the early Who. A friend of mine, the infamous Tom Warner, Man About Town, told me that the *Rushmore* soundtrack he had purchased had a great song by a '60s band called The Creation. Putting two and two together I realized that the last band I had deemed inaccessible was now available! At the same time as *Rushmore*'s release a set of two CDs (available separately, of course) of musical masterpieces by The Creation was released on Retroactive Records. I believe these two CDs are the first domestically released Creation products (before now The Creation's music was available only on rare British and German imports).

Let me begin my erudite epistle by bluntly stating ALL BANDS WITH FIVE MEMBERS DO NOT SUCK! While admittedly many five member bands do suck, as always the exceptions PROVE THE RULE! The two major exceptions I have found are Oasis (tuneful kings of Britpop) and The Rolling Stones (although I detest the cruel influence on '60s and current garage bands we know and love today.) But wait, dear reader, I feel your thought-wave of confused telepathy at this very moment-- "What does the 5-member band rule have to do with The Creation?" and even perhaps, "What is The Creation?"

The Creation typified--well-dressed mop tops with catchy, aggressive songs.

LOOK good! That was the essence of Mod rock that the Creation knew that to SOUND good you have to (often with epaulettes), ties and carefully sculpted hair; reveal a quintessential Mod band, cool sports coats men call The Creation. The pictures in the booklet enlightened me regarding the mysterious music making guitar bashing. The CD booklet's copious liner notes and feedback-ridden instrumental breaks amidst the Who mold, featuring Beatlesque melodies, some la-las denied. *Making Time* is classic mod rock in the early and rushed home to savor its sonic glory. I was not to be

I Became a 20-Something Wilco Addict

by Steve Reynolds

"When you perform/it's so intense.

When critics pan/I write in your defense.

I understand/I'm just a fan.

I'm just a fan."

—Wilco, "The Lonely I,"

The following was overheard at the Brooklyn Chapter of Fanatics Anonymous...

STEVE: "Hi everyone, my name is Steve...and I am a fanatic."

ALL: "Hi Steve."

STEVE: "I'm not really sure how this addiction began. I guess it started out simply enough in 1995 when this band Wilco released their first album, *A.M.* The band was formed by four people who were in a fine group called Uncle Tupelo, which broke up in 1994. I really dug one song on *A.M.*—"Box Full of Letters"—and played it a lot before I came to New York...I can't do this; this is just too embarrassing to talk about."

FANATIC # 1: "We'll let you know what's embarrassing around here. Keep talking."

STEVE: "Okay. So I moved to New York in 1995 and got a job where I interview bands and report on music. It's the perfect job for me. At first I had butterflies in my stomach whenever I sat down to interview an artist, but I got over the nervousness of meeting and interviewing rock stars pretty quickly once I realized they're normal people just like you and me, except for the easy access to cocaine and hookers. The job was easy and rewarding—I was one very content guy. Then in 1996 Wilco released their second album, *Being There*. I loved this album. The songs about the life of a musician and the triumphs and heartaches that come with the profession grabbed me. I spent about a month listening to it obsessively. Then in December I was told to set up an interview with Wilco when they played in New York. So I did, and got myself on the guest list for the first of two shows. It was incredible...awe-inspiring...uplifting...puzzling—"

FANATIC # 2: "Hey buddy, we don't have all day here. I have to go stalk Robert DeNiro at nine o'clock."

STEVE: "Sorry. The show was great, needless to say, and the next day I interviewed them. And for the first time since I'd had my job, I acted like a geeky fan in front of a band. The first five minutes of the interview was me telling the singer, Jeff Tweedy, and the guitarist, Jay Bennett, how great the show was, that it was 'the best of the year,' etc., etc. I listen to the tape now, and it makes me cringe. I was so desperate to see them and hear them again that I waited outside the club where they were playing that night for almost their entire show, hoping someone would leave so the bouncer could let me into the sold out club."



My Obsession...

Rock Band Flaunts Disregard of Stylistic Convention

Somerville, MA (AP) — In a bold move that left the close-knit Middlesex County punk community shocked, Somerville's self-proclaimed "Bad Boys of Rock" declared yesterday the discontinuation of use of the last serial comma preceding the word "and" in their e-mail announcements.

"At first, it seemed so natural," remarked visibly distraught bassist Chris Braiotta at a "super-urgent" press conference held yesterday afternoon at the Sligo Pub in Davis Square, "but then with each successive show announcement, the use of the serial comma became more and more forced. We decided to just call it quits while we were still on good terms with the punctuation mark."

The press conference proceeded unevenly until the band was pressed for reasons why the difficult decision was reached. When one reporter questioned the decision, lead singer Heath Row leapt on a table screaming, "Do you think we give a HOOT about the MAA? I've got your strunk and white right here!" The bespectacled Row proceeded to attempt to rip a copy of "Elements of Style" in two. After several minutes of struggle, he violently folded the corners, proclaiming, "There, now just TRY to sell that back to a used book store!" Guitarist Tom Scanlon added, "Watch your back, George Will."

Notably absent from the press conference was blonde drummer, Jef Czekaj. A spokesperson for the band later reported that "he was having a totally really, REALLY bad hair day and was unable to leave his house."

Hopefully, a decision on the band's use of the word "hopefully" is expected in late August.



the anchormen: putting the punk back in punctuality. box 441915 somerville, MA 02144

As part of last summer's tour, the band's members were scheduled to perform in Cincinnati. At one point I got the impression that we would be put up for the evening by one Matt Ayers. As a small token of my esteem, I told Matt I'd give him a copy of the then-new *Dizzy* Records compilation, *Day Dreaming* with an Empty Station Wagon. Turns out I'd gotten wind of an inaccurate tour itinerary and we crashed elsewhere. It was still my intention to give Matt a copy of the CD. Only I forgot and that left me feeling like I'd left Matt on the short end of things. To the extent that I know him he seems to be an opinionated guy, the kind of guy who might enjoy the chance to share his views in print. So I thought he might want to review the CD for GMI. He accepted my offer and his review appears here unedited (well, except for some grammatical stuff). I'm still not sure how he could resist *The Shakes* or *Thundercats* (among others) but appreciate his candor. Thanks, Matt. —Mike

Here is the review you asked for: *Day Dreaming with an Empty Station Wagon* by Matt Ayers

Ah, the newest commodity from GenTech Industries own Dizzy Records. I can hardly contain myself. Coming off the success of the critically acclaimed *Shot Putting in an Empty Stadium*, this comp had better have its charms. First off, it's the world's first 7" CD (a CD cleverly packaged as a 7", ala Nardwuar). Next, there are the gratuitous liner notes and certificate of authenticity. This baby is already cookin' and we haven't even gotten to the bands! This pop odyssey kicks off with a Young Fresh Fellows track, definitely a plus in my book. If then leads into a great Junior Varsity track! I wasn't too impressed with the mediocre track from The Shakes. The Sea Monkeys' cover of "Saturday's Child" is brilliant. The Dechels track ranks up there with their best stuff. I never was a Weird Lovemakers fan. The Poopedhead track was the first time I had heard of them and I am definitely interested in pursuing more of their material. Next comes the crowning jewel, the reason I bought this, an unreleased Kung Fu Monkey's track! If you have half a brain you already know that the KFM are America's Favorite Band! They put on a helluva live show too, lay down five bucks just for this track! Dirt Bike Annie's track was okay, but they have written better songs. The Thundercats is a great name (as well as cartoon), too bad I can't say that about their music. Garage Sale continue to never disappoint. The Figgs cover the great Kinks' track "Johnny Thunder," that's great 'n' all, but I'd much rather hear an original. Anyway, "Waterloo Sunset" is a much better slow tempo Kinks tune! The Rondelles kick out a great lo-fi new waveish pop rocker. The Sheldakes tackle an Iron Maiden tune, always a great idea. The Dorks, being one of the world's most average bands, turn in an average catchy song (ouch, that's gotta hurt). The Lizards provide us with a snazzy little number. The Goblins join the millions by covering "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked in Tonight" (Read: YAWN!). The Hitchcocks play a great midwestern pop punker (you all know how those go). The Mixelpicks' "Born! Lauren" was just that, boring. In Crowd have a decent track. Dick Army does a pissed off times 100 version of "Nervous Breakdown." The Kuggamen pull off a way too long (4 minutes!) surf tune. Last is the god-like "Showbust: A Rock Opera" by The Tortillas You Wanted. Overall, for the whole package and the tunage, it's definitely worth the five bucks and then some!!

True enough and I've heard "Waterloo Sunset" covered well in live settings but there are zoning laws prohibiting recording artists from attempting to commit their versions of "Waterloo Sunset" to tape. Thus, I believe the Figgs were out to cover a song from the Kinks' *Village Green Preservation Society* LP and "Waterloo Sunset" is part of the *Something Else by The Kinks* LP.

... and down the nometstretch...

set and also there was a Posties reunion. Joe used to be one of their roadies or sound guys. Jon Auer's band also played at the show and Ken did a solo set. There was also a band called No. 13 Baby that is a Pixies tribute band. So Mike ended up playing three sets that night because he also plays in that Pixies tribute band. He played that and the Fastbacks and the Posties that night. And I think he organized it so he stepped up to the plate.

GM: Was an event like that appreciated like it should be? Was it a well-attended show?

SL: Yeah, it was.

GM: The reason I ask is because sometimes the best bands are under appreciated in their hometowns and I have no idea as to how well those bands are received in Seattle.

SL: I think the Posties are a pretty big draw in Seattle. The Fastbacks are a bit of miss proposition. Sometimes it'll be a good showing, sometimes it won't be. I remember a show last year, in February, where there was a last minute cancellation. Tesla was supposed to play and they canceled so they re-scheduled the Fastbacks the day before. Nobody knew about it. There were about 10 people there and it was probably the best show of the year, performance wise. I never miss out on a Fastbacks show when I'm in town.

GM: That is smart thinking on your part. In a non-music related question I was wondering what you do for a living. I got the impression that you work from home.

SL: I do. I work for a company that is based out of New York City called 24/7 Media. It's an internet company and I do sales for them. People always say, "If I worked out of home I'd have a hard time getting anything done." I have exactly the opposite problem. I have a hard time enjoying myself because I live at work rather than work from home. I have a one bedroom apartment so I walk into the next room and I'm at work. When I first started it was great because it was working out of home. Sounds cool. But now I miss having co-workers. I miss having the human interaction.

GM: In looking over my list of questions I see there is but one more thing I wanted to ask. I noticed that you used that wonderful Young Fresh Fellows "Do You Care?" ending on one of your tracks ("On Your Words"). I know that you do those great charts and graphs with the Fastbacks and I was wondering if you had ever tried to figure out how many times the Fellows use that ending (as it seems to appear at least once on each of their records).

SL: Oh no, I haven't tried that.

GM: I've contemplated it but have never engaged in the project.

SL: Probably quite a few times, maybe even double digits.

GM: I would guess that and I thought if there was one other person in the world who would even contemplate such a foolish notion, and I mean this in a flattering way mind you, that perhaps it was you.

SL: I hadn't even delved into that but I can only be a Superfan to one band.

GM: It's a consuming process I would imagine. Do you still maintain the charts that were sampled in the *Gearhead* article?

SL: They are on the website which is www.fastbacks.com. The *Hit List* article is printed in full on there too. The thing is though that I had a computer virus a few months ago and I lost everything as far as how I was tracking all of that stuff. I am dreading the day that they come out with another record when it comes to updating that stuff.

GM: That sucks, I'm sorry to hear about that but want to thank you for the interview. If you can think of anything else you'd like to add please let me know.

SL: And you might want to email me about all of the stuff that I said I'd sent you. Just bug me enough and you'll get the goods.

GM: I definitely will. I'd love to hear that Fellows tribute tape as well as Kurt's solo CD. That's a very intriguing CD.

SL: Are you a King Crimson fan?

GM: I am actually. When I was in high school the only things that my friends and I listened to were very dramatic progressive rock records. Genesis, Moody Blues, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, King Crimson. My fondness for Queen came out of that too. Some of it I can't listen to it anymore but the better stuff still sticks with me. That stuff rarely comes in conversations with people I know now because the focus is usually on pop records or punk rock records, the antithesis of all the very long songs with flutes and such. It's nice to be able to talk about Queen and King Crimson.

SL: Yeah, totally.

GM: And it's all the more interesting to find out that people in my favorite bands are also fans of that stuff.

SL: Well, it's all good. Kurt has a very eclectic taste. His main influences I would have to say are '70s progressive rock, '60s British Invasion pop and late '70s punk rock.

GM: And you know that really comes across remarkably well in the Fastbacks. He's a genius in tying those sounds together. I think that's why I found the Fastbacks so easy to get into. They had the punk rock element but they also had the more grandiose elements, kind of like those bands I used to listen to.

SL: And I think it also explains why they're not very popular.

GM: I think the Fellows are kind of similar. With both bands you have to have a wide range of tastes to make it through the entire album which I think makes for a better band and makes those more interesting records.

SL: I would agree with that. I haven't figured out how to incorporate the progressive rock into my songs yet.

GM: Well, there is a certain grandiosity to "Glorious Morning Comes," with the three solos at the end. That is not something that is easy to pull off.

SL: I didn't know if I pulled it off or not.

GM: I think it's successful.

SL: Okay, that's good to hear.

GM: Well, about 10 minutes ago I said I was going to let you go and I failed to stick to that so we can close for real here. This was thoroughly enjoyable interview, thank you very much.

SL: Likewise.

(At this point, after offering Scott yet another chance to bail, our conversation continued for another half hour. We realized that we are both Dodgers fans and indulged in a round of cursing Tom Niedenfuer, bemoaning the legendary Pedro Martinez-for-Delino DeShields trade, and reveling in the glory of the '88 World Series. We also talked about how Scott, in the course of this interview and in general, while still wanting to be a rocker, is the anti-(John) Rocker. And the fact that I'd be missing out on the upcoming Fastbacks/Minus 5 Rusty Willoughby show. And that Scott, living in Seattle, has been able to see the Fastbacks about 40 times.)



(l-r) Dave Fox, Mike Musburger, Scott Lee (absent: Gene Sato)

"The fixation became worse in 1997. I saw them play again, and I started buying every compilation and soundtrack they were on, and I put their songs on mix tapes for all of my friends. In 1998, I even volunteered to cover a concert just to see them play again. But I knew I hit rock bottom with my addiction last year with their most recent album, *Summerteeth*."

FANATIC # 3: "Is that a one word title or two."

STEVE: "One. I drove the people I work with nuts for three months by listening to it almost everyday. When Wilco came to town I set up an interview with them, and scoured the web for any article about the band so I could prep myself. On that fateful day, I was calm until I actually got the tape rolling. I knew so much about the album at this point that I knew every answer that Jeff and Jay would say before I asked the questions. I started off horribly—stumbling over my words during the first few questions. It was a complete disaster. By this point I should have known to just back off. But, of course, I didn't. I saw them play back to back nights in April, and then weaseled a trip to Atlanta to cover a festival where they were playing. At this festival I interviewed the other two band members, bassist John Stirratt and drummer Ken Coomer, watched them play, and then went to a record signing they were doing. All four band members looked at me like I was a psycho—and I guess by then I was."

"But I was still undaunted. I scammed my way into a TV taping they did a few months later, and live in-the-studio session the following day. Jeff saw me, and said 'Hi.' Not the casual friendly 'hi,' but a 'hi' that is usually followed by 'what are you doing here?' Or, 'You know that this is my house you're cooking a meal in?' I think Jeff must have felt like David Letterman for a few seconds."

"That was the moment when I knew I needed help. I did see them play two more times, but I avoided any situations that could have led to direct contact with them. I also spent a few weeks on eBay outbidding everyone for every piece of Wilco memorabilia that was being auctioned. It was then that my friends had an intervention—they took all my Wilco CD's out of my apartment and directed me to this meeting. Now I don't feel alone anymore."

(Applause)

FANATIC # 1: "You're not alone Steve. We've all been there."

STEVE: "Thanks everybody. I realize that liking a band is one thing, but trying to become personally involved with them is just not healthy, unless you're a groupie willing to sleep with the lead guitarist of Limp Bizkit. You know, I really feel like I've turned a corner here. Umm, does anyone have the time?"

FANATIC # 2: "8:15."

STEVE: "Uh-oh, I need to go. I know where Ricky Martin is staying in the city, and I need to catch him before he goes to the clubs because I have a mix tape to give him."

FANATICS # 1, # 2 and # 3: "Can we come too?"



Let me start this interview with a brief introduction. I have been a fan of Dr. Frank and the MXX since the arrival of *Love Is Dead* on the scene. Frank has been a fan since *Milk Milk Lemonade*, back in 1992. We are not the objective reporters you are accustomed to reading in *Go Metric*, we are rabid fans. You will hear terms banded about during this interview such as "tortured genius", and "brilliant works" to describe Dr. Frank and his music. We consider this man to be the greatest songwriter of all time. The most passionate, clever and original lyrics are borne in his mind, out of a lifetime of experiences and a deep knowledge and understanding of emotions.

The setting: Maxwells, a great Hoboken, NJ club. After dinner, FrankenHeather sat down to discuss the life and times of Dr. Frank.

Heather: Greenday. I know you were friends with them, did they really ditch you in Europe, and did they screw you over financially?

Dr. Frank: I don't consider that they screwed us over. The situation was difficult for us, but the way I look at it, I didn't expect them to do what was good for the Mr. T. Experience at all times, so... it was supposed to be 7 weeks, but after 2 weeks they decided to cancel for reasons of their own.

H: Did they explain what their reasons were, and were they nice about it?

Dr.: Yeah, they weren't *not* nice about it, but it did leave us in Europe with a little bit of a problem. Although, there's two ways of looking at it. That tour cost us so much, if we had done another 5 weeks, we would have been... A lot of times when you support a band, (open up for them) you get paid nothing. We were paid \$300 a night, and our expenses were \$1000 a day, so we were losing \$700 a day. Two weeks of that was enough to cancel out all the record sales. Seven weeks would have been serious damage. I don't hold them blameworthy for anything. It was nice of them to ask us to do it. If I was them, I don't think the welfare of the opening band would necessarily be what I was thinking about. Like right now, say, for some reason, I flipped out, couldn't handle touring anymore, or my sister got sick, I probably wouldn't be thinking "how is this going to affect Ann Beretta" (the opening band on this tour). If you're a band that gets a guarantee of \$100 a show, you have a different outlook than a band that makes a \$1000 a show. Being with a band that makes \$300 a night isn't really something they understand. They have a very elaborate setup, they have a chef!

H: Speaking of work and money, have you had a lot of office jobs, where you really felt like you were suffering for your art?

Dr.: After college, when I was looking for a job, I applied for a lot of nice jobs that I didn't get, I was working at this lame, awful job for many years, until I quit.

H: What were you doing there?

Dr.: It was an organization that did phone surveys, so I started out being a person who called people on the phone. I would say that was suffering.

Key (some of the abbreviations are obvious, some less than obvious, hence this key): Dr. = Dr. Frank. H = Heather Peavey-Leone. FL = Frank Leone

Frank L.: How did you get the name Doctor Frank? Dr.: I don't remember how people started calling me that, but I remember when I was a little kid, I think it has a Doctor Frankenstein connotation.

H: Did you play doctor with the kids in your neighborhood?

Dr.: I can't recall ever doing that. Even as a little kid I was very antisocial, and kind of isolated and ostracized. I don't imagine there were any little girls to play doctor with.

H: You felt isolated and ostracized?

Dr.: Oh yes, I sprung from the womb with a chip on my shoulder and a bitterness towards humanity.

Frank: Did you get picked on a lot, and for what reasons?

Dr.: I was a small kid, and also smart, that's a bad combination. I reacted by exaggerating my eccentricities as a social protest, starting our first day of kindergarten. I really liked bugs, so I would spend the recesses, instead of playing dodgeball, by collecting insects, that sort of thing.

H: That's why your nose has never been broken, you always skipped out on dodgeball?

Dr.: Actually, my nose has been broken. You'd never know, it looks all right.

H: How about plastic surgery? Face-lifts?

Dr.: No, (laughing) I used to get in a lot of fights when I was a kid.

FL: Did kids make fun of you for not watching TV?

(Previously off-record that evening, Dr. Frank confessed that his family wasn't too keen on watching TV when he was young.)

Dr.: Actually I was a TV kid from almost the beginning, even though my parents tried to prevent it.

H: Are there any specific bullies you remember from your childhood?

Dr.: Oh, I remember them all. I still hate 'em.

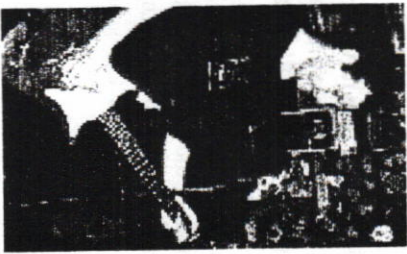
FL: Any names you want to get out there?

Dr.: Pat Lynch, Matt Mitchell, Paul Costello... the list could go on and on. I've never seen any of them. But I'm sure I've got a better life than them. And I'm sure I have a prettier girlfriend than any of them. That's really what it's all about, isn't it?

FL: Aside from the current positive relationship you have with your girlfriend, what's the weirdest relationship you've ever had?

Dr.: I think the weirdest, and I think this is fairly well known, I had a long and extremely tortured association with this girl who turned out to have multiple personality disorders. The one who liked me, the one that I went out with, was a 5-year-old girl.

FL: So, are most of your love songs based on actual people and relationships?



GM: So you did a total of three Young Fresh Fellows covers on the record, two Kurt songs and one Scott song.

SL: Except for one of the Kurt songs, "Mr. Anthony's Last" is not actually me. I just mixed it and recorded it. It was done by my roommate in Chicago who is now at a monastery. He's a monk.

That's why I said (in the CD booklet) "Command arrangement and performance by Brother Peter Funk (aka Edward Louis)." I remember when *Low Beat* came out (*Low Beat Time*, the Young Fresh Fellows' LP that features the original version of "Mr. Anthony"). I was doing this tribute tape to the Young Fresh Fellows where I did like 12 or 13 covers of their songs on my 4-track. One of them was "Mr. Anthony's Last." I wanted to do the song but I was like, "I want you," my roommate Ed, "to do it." He was this phenomenal musician and he listened to the song and then he spent an afternoon arranging it as a 3/4 waltz. Then he played it for me and I was like, "Wow, let's record it." We recorded it and I re-mixed it when it came time to put out the record. Then I put it through this computer plug-in that makes it sound like an old record. That is why there is little crackles in it.

GM: That is a fascinating story.

SL: Yeah, Ed is a bad man. But I would not send you a copy of the Young Fresh Fellows tribute tape. It is worse than you can ever imagine. It's the first thing I ever did on a 4-track. I had never sung prior to that. It makes me cringe when I listen to it.

GM: Was "I Lost Control" (another YFF song covered by Marshall Artist) one of those songs?

SL: Um, "I Lose Control" was demoted one day before the Young Fresh Fellows played in Chicago back in, I think it was '95. They were coming into town and I was like, "Oh, I gotta do something. Because at the time I was a geek about everything, not that I am not anymore but I'm a little more in control of my actions now. So they were coming into town and the day before I whipped up this cover version and gave it to Scott. I always thought that the cover version that I did of it was pretty funny and was actually pretty good so that became one of the demos that I gave to Mike and Dave. The Marshall Artist version is clearly the best version of the two. I venture to say it's better than the Young Fresh Fellows' version (from the *Gag Fash* cassette) which is a lot different.

GM: I have been meaning to purchase the *Gag Fash* tape for quite some time.

SL: That is acquired listening. It's horribly good.

GM: The Fellows never make things easy on their fans.

SL: No, but they should be putting out a record this year.

GM: But you know, I interviewed Scott almost two years ago and he promised a new YFF record by the end of 1998. I took that promise to heart more than I should have and now there are cobwebs hanging on the notion of a new YFF record.

SL: *A Tribute to Music* came out in '98. Did you get that?

GM: I did get that. I had mail-ordered it before the interview. Have they finished songs for another record?

SL: It's been done for quite some time. They're just trying to figure out who's going to put it out. And since Scott has that imprint on Hollywood Records, the Matt imprint, they've been trying to put it out on Matt. And a Minus 5 record and a John Wesley Harding record should also be coming out this year, on Matt or Hollywood. I think they (YFF) have recorded a good 50 songs since the last record came out. I don't know how many of those are done but they at least have a full-length's worth ready to go.

GM: Sounds like they've got a triple album's worth.

SL: Yeah, you never know with the Young Fresh Fellows.

GM: True, that is the beauty and the curse of being a fan of the Fellows.

SL: Favorite songs: (Predictable answer) "Waterloo Sunset," (not so predictable answer) "Nothing in the World Can Stop Me Worryin' 'Bout That Girl," (honorable mention) "Shangri-la"

The Fastbacks, circa New Mansions in Sound

SL: Pretty much. It's been a long time since *Low Beat*. I think it came out in October of '92, so seven years.

GM: You were a fan of the Fellows before the Fastbacks, right?

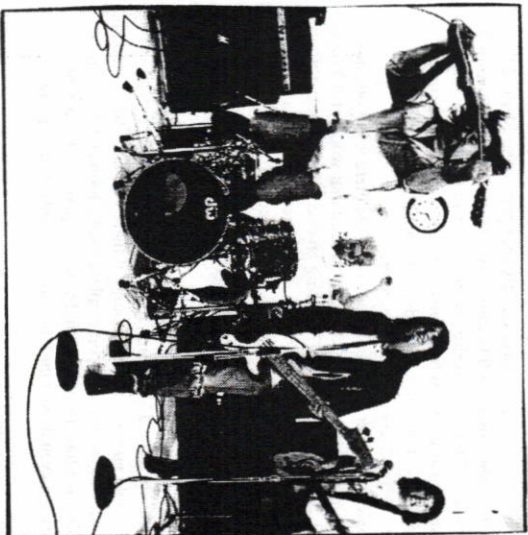
SL: Yeah, it was Scott McCaughey who introduced me to the Fastbacks. I wrote to the Fellows and Scott sent me a Popluma catalog and he mentioned, "Hey, you should check this out. This is Kurt's other band, you probably would like it." So I ordered (the Fastbacks'),... *And His Orchestra* on LP. I got it and I liked it. I wasn't ga-ga over it but I ended up buying all their records. Then *Zucker* came out and that just flipped my wig. I put that on and that was the beginning of the end.

GM: Earlier you mentioned the extensive Fastbacks article you did for *Hit List*. Did Brett Matthews approach you about doing that or did you have the idea and approach him?

SL: Brett had actually contacted Kurt and Kim wondering if they would write the article. Neither of them wanted to get involved with it so Kim has referred Brett to me. I was of course interested in it but I didn't realize it would take as long as it did to write it.

GM: Did you go into it thinking it'd be a one-shot deal or did you realize it would be too much for one issue?

SL: I thought it would be a one-shot deal and then when I started writing it I thought it would be a two-shot deal and it ended up being four parts. I had a lot of source material to wade through and then trying to figure out what would be interesting to people and what wouldn't be.



GM: Have considered doing a book about the Fastbacks?

SL: I did a long time ago but I don't know if the fan base is large enough to get a publisher interested.

GM: Have you ever considered doing something as extensive on the Fellows, an article or series of articles covering their history?

SL: No, but that's a good idea. Maybe I could write a book about those two bands in general. Have you ever seen either of them play?

GM: I've seen each band once. Both bands put on amazing shows.

SL: Yeah, in completely different ways. That is why I moved to Seattle, so I could see the Fastbacks. You should have been here for the Joe Norcio benefit show.

GM: What was that and when was that?

SL: That was September 22, 1999. I'm going to be posting an entire MP3 of the Fastbacks show. I sent a mailing out to the Fastbacks mailing list so they have access to it. They played about a 45 minute

months. Then Gene flew in and we practiced as a four-piece twice.

GM: We recorded all of the basics in three days.

GM: For the songs that Gene wrote, did you practice them just on the couple of occasions that the four-piece line up practiced?

SL: No, I had demos of those, "Hyperspace" and "Peter Gynn" (both of which were written by Gene), we didn't have demos of those until a little bit later on but we still were able to practice them somewhat.

GM: Has Marshall Artist ever performed in a live setting?

SL: No, I'd like to but I think it would be very difficult to get the same caliber of musicians to congregate and practice enough to do it.

GM: Now, you're in Seattle and Gene is still in Chicago?

SL: Yeah, he plays in a band called URT (Ultimate Rock Theory) in Chicago. Their record should be coming out shortly.

GM: How does that band compare to Marshall Artist?

SL: It's a little different. It's more emo whereas I think Marshall Artist is more rock, pop punk type stuff.

GM: So he exorcises his pop demons with Marshall Artist. You guys also have a split 7" coming out.

SL: Yeah, that one is kind of on hold right now. My songs are done but the other band, Once for Kicks, just got a new drummer.

GM: Are the songs for that record from the *Your King Fu is Pretty Good* sessions or are they something that happened after that?

SL: I'm going to put two songs on my side, just because they are really short. One of them is going to be a different version of "Glorious Morning Comes," a two minute version. It's the version that has Gene playing rhythm guitar rather than Kurt. Everything else about it is the same. The other song is one I recorded at home on my computer using spliced up Mike Musburger drum tracks.

GM: Tracks from other songs?

SL: It's actually spliced up from the "Glorious Morning Comes" drum track.

GM: So "Glorious Morning Comes" will kind of find its way into two new songs.

SL: Yeah, hopefully it won't be so obvious that the drum track is the same but I cut it up and put it together so that it works for the new song that it's on.

GM: That is most inventive.

SL: It wasn't that complicated. I've tried other things, that I've failed miserably at, that were a lot more complicated.



Book Records #001

SL: That is correct.

GM: You were telling me about that before. Book Records is a side label done by Kurt and Scott (McCaughy). Do I have that right?

SL: Yeah, the first Book Records release was for this show they put together a few years ago called "An Evenings in Edenbrook Forest." Which was two or three nights at the Crocodile showcasing great bands from the area. They had a free CD that they put out on Book Records that featured all of the bands who played over those nights.

From there the Rusty Willowby solo album came out on Book. The Once for Kicks album also did. There is also a limited edition CD that Kurt did, it was this kind of Christmas present thing. I don't know if I would mention that as an official Book Records release.

It's an instrumental thing, him playing keyboards and guitar. It's super great. It's mood music, it's not rock. There are things on there that are totally out of his love for King Crimson. He's a huge King Crimson fan. He turned me onto that stuff.

GM: The early line-up as well as the Adrian Belew years or...

SL: He's more a fan of the old line-up.

GM: The more mellotron-oriented days.

SL: Up to Red. Robert Fripp is the man. Robert Fripp is a bad man.

GM: And did he release that record under the name of Kurt Bloch or did he have a band name?

SL: Yeah, Kurt Bloch at 10 O'Clock in the Afternoon.

GM: You mentioned that Robert Fripp is a bad man and I know that Doc Sharpie is also a bad man. What are the origins of the "bad man" stuff and the Doc Sharpie nickname ("Doc Sharpie is a bad man" is printed on the spine of the *Young Fresh Fellows'* Low Beat Time LP and the phrase "Doc Sharpie is a bad man, but K. B. is the baddest man of all!" adorns the booklet to the original Marshall Artist CD).

SL: There are some secrets that are best left in the attic. Sometimes if you reveal too many of your secrets it ceases to be funny.

GM: Okay, we'll leave that up in the attic. Going back to *Your King Fu is Pretty Good* and Kurt's connection to it. What was it like getting him involved, was it just a matter of saying "I'd like to do a record and I'd like you to record it"?

SL: Pretty much. I just said, "Hey, I want to record my songs and I want you to produce it, will you do it?" And he said, "Sure." He's a good guy.

GM: Recently I was listening to the Parasites' *Punchlines* record. They brought in Kurt to lay down a solo (on the album's closing track, "Letdown"). It seems like he's kind of the book closer on records. There is something so definitive about a Kurt Bloch solo that it seems to be the perfect way to end a record, even other people's records.

SL: You should hear this record that he did in Spain called Los Hermanos Dalton, that's the name of the band. The record's called *Crash*. He played a few solos on that record that are vintage Kurt.

Also, if you have the Meites' *Taste Like Chicken*, he recorded that record and he plays a solo on the first song that is not credited to him.

GM: How was it getting Kim Warnick involved on *Your King Fu is Pretty Good*?

SL: Kim is a good friend of mine. I got to know her first out of all of them (Fastbacks) and knew her for about three years before I moved here. We used to email everyday.

GM: You were in Chicago then, right? That's where you were when the *Gearhead* article came out (issue #3, Spring 1995, featured a *Fastbacks* retrospective article that included interviews with 11 of the *Fastbacks'* past and present drummers as well as an interview with Scott). Is that correct?

SL: That is correct.

MTX's Dr. Frank

Interviewed by Frankenheather

Dr.: You know, varying degree of actual people, sometimes they are out and out characters. Even when you say "this song is about this person" it's not really, because the song is a greater degree of abstraction than actually just saying "I would like to explain this person to you" so it's somewhere in the middle, they aren't quite all about real people, but not quite all fictional.

H: How do you respond when people call you a tortured genius?

Dr.: Well, I certainly am tortured (laughing) but I've never heard anybody say that. What I can say, is, if I could manage to persuade about 250,000 people of that, then everything would be cool.

H: But as soon as everyone starts believing you are a genius, you won't be tortured any more.

Dr.: That's the point when you decide to write your album about living in a fishbowl. All the attention you are getting. It's a well-established protocol.

H: I had a theory about the song *Naomi from Alcatraz* your latest release on Lookout! Records. Can you explain what inspired you to write that?

Dr.: It's seeing Naomi Wolf doing the talk show circuit promoting her book, and the irony of the message of the beauty myth juxtaposed with her makeover as a feminism party girl. It was amusing to me.

FL: Speaking of *Alcatraz*, this album delves into a new style of music, as does your solo album, so how do you see the band evolving?

Dr.: For me it was limiting in the sense that people were no long paying attention at the concerts, and I felt like I had to do something to shake up the complacency. There's no reason you can't have a good song, and you have something to say, and have people appreciate it, but in our case, I would worry that the expectation of us fulfilling the cliches of the genre were being met too closely. So it's not the genre that's limiting per se, but you get to the point after you make 2 records, and they are the same record, you are in danger of redundancy, what ever style or form.

FL: Do you find the fans limiting, that they always want to hear your older, more punk songs, they are always yelling out for Danny Partridge...

Don't forget to check out the F&H website: www Frankenheather.com

Dr.: People may take a long time to absorb something. The new stuff people don't like, after a couple of years, becomes the old stuff they wish you would be doing. The thing is, I haven't let it determine what I do. It's a challenge, and what I think is good is that you respond to the challenge with another challenge. (If the fans say) We want every thing to sound like this Ramones song (for example), and so we say, "I recognize your expectations, but what about this?" There's a dialogue that takes place, it's a long, drawn out process, but I think that if all you are about is style, it's way more interesting to be in a situation where people are thrown off balance, they don't know what to expect, but they have an opinion about it. Strangely enough many people think of us like a NOFX, that can't do it as good as they do, so if you go from that assumption, and you present them with something very challenging, you couldn't do that if they didn't have that in them. It's like being a guitar player if you don't know how to play the guitar.

*You realize there are good guitar players all over the place, but for someone to be really bad and make it work is something special. So if you don't start from the point of zero or negative ability, you lose all the art.

FL: Finally, if you weren't so busy being a tortured punk rock genius, what line of work would you be in?

Dr.: I had planned on having an academic career almost my whole life, and that's what I was going to do. I would have gotten a doctorate degree, and written a couple of books. I was going to be in the history department, but I would have ended up in classics, actually. At that time when I was going to go to grad school I was really interested in Plato. I probably would have written some books, and I'd be a professor, a very different life. I didn't really want to do it, I kept deferring it, and deep down....

(The word comes - it's time for MTX to hit the stage)

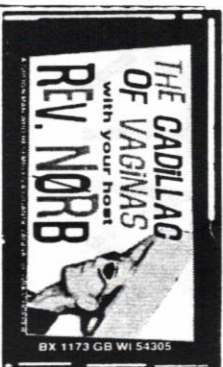
H & F: Thank you for everything, this has been so much fun, and we wish you all the success in the world!





A Brief Yet Revealing Chat with Buck!

The following interview with Buck's Lisa Mahr was conducted by Rev. Norb at the Concert Cafe in Green Bay this past Labor Day. Though a brief exchange it is quite revealing when placed in the proper context.



The interview

NORB: Excuse me, may I ask you a seemingly irrelevant question?
LISA: Sure, go ahead.
NORB: Which sports team do you prefer, the Bucks or the Cubs?
LISA: Umm, the Cubs.
NORB: Thanks anyway.

The context

Norb noticed that the name of Ms. Mahr's first band, cub, was also the singular form of a sports team name, in this case the Chicago Cubs baseball team. Similarly, the name of her second band, Buck, was the singular form of another sports team name, the Milwaukee Bucks basketball team. That alone would warrant space in this zine which always likes to see the worlds of sports and pop come together. But when we use Norb's information in conjunction with a map we see that Ms. Mahr's band names are moving north and slightly west and changing sports as they do so. What's the name of her next combo? See the accompanying graphics and find out! Meanwhile, Ms. Mahr's home is moving in the opposite direction (Vancouver, BC to Los Angeles, CA). Where will she move next? The answer is below!

Sports franchise/sport/team name
Past: Chicago Cubs/baseball/cub
Present: Milwaukee Bucks/basketball/Buck
Future: Green Packers/football/packer³

Place of residence
Past: Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
Present: Los Angeles, California, U.S.
Future: Mazatlan, Mexico (well, actually if she continued on her current trajectory, she'd wind up somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. That won't do so we headed a bit eastward.)



¹ Norb was kind enough to conceive of, conduct, and pass along the interview. He is not to blame for the balance of this article.
² All this talk of Lisa's next band is not meant to imply that we wish for her current band to meet a quick end. Heck no! GMF is very pro-Buck. (Given the choice, we'd bring cub back to life too. Or at the very least get all of their records back in print and make sure there was a proper CD compilation that collected all of their non-1-P tracks. *Maiden* kinda of works toward this end but leaves off numerous tracks including, among others, their fab Underones cover, the other song from the SpinArt 7, and their song from the Nardwuar comp. cub's excellence was vast and unchallenged. Their discography deserves better treatment.
³ Ironic, eh? She's interviewed by the Packers' biggest fan and will one day name a band after the very same team. Further is the coincidence that the guitarist for Buck, Pepper, looks a bit like Norb.

Go Metric!: Hey, Scott this is Mike Falcon from *Go Metric*. How are you doing?

Scott Lee: Good. How are you?

GMF: Good. In fact, I was just listening to the Marshall Artist CD to set the proper mood. I think that is a really amazing record.

SL: Thanks, man. I'm glad to hear that. I don't know that many people have heard it but nobody's told me that they hated it so that's a good indication.

GMF: That originally came out on your own label, Superfan Records, right?

SL: Yeah.

GMF: How did it come to be re-released on Coldfront Records?

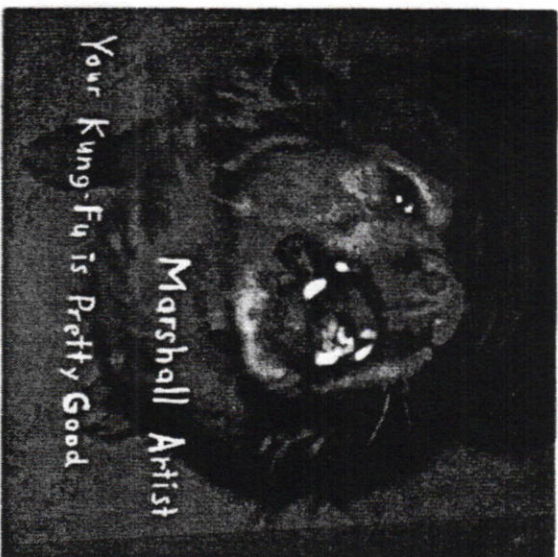
SL: I had sent it to Bret at Coldfront, who also runs *The Last Magazine*. He wanted me to do an article on the Fastbacks but in the process I did end up sending him my record. He really liked it and he wanted to put it out.

GMF: When Coldfront re-released it, was it a matter of "we'll just put it in the catalog and see what happens." Or did they think of it like a new release and promote it like their other records.

SL: I honestly don't know because I sent him the stuff and it came out but I didn't really talk to him much about it after that. I would guess he tried to promote it as a new release because the Superfan edition had no distribution. It was basically a 500-copy pressing that I gave to friends. The other guy, Gene, lives in Chicago so I sent him 150 copies and I still have 200 copies of that CD in my house.

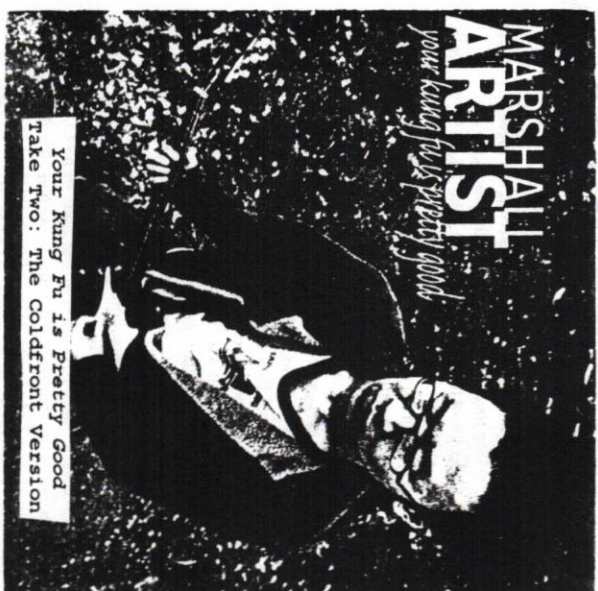
GMF: Plenty for future reference.

SL: I guess.



Take One: The Superfan Version
Your Kung Fu is Pretty Good

GMF: Thoughts on the Kinks, favorite songs and/or albums?
(One more exchange happened after the interview, this time via email.)



Take Two: The Coldfront Version
Your Kung Fu is Pretty Good

Seattle dude: A good guy and excellent guitar player. '70s rock. He belongs in the '70s, that guy. He's so good, intimidatingly good.

GMF: That's why you brought him in for "Glorious Morning Comes"?

SL: I didn't mean for it to happen the way it did but he played such a good solo, in one take, that I was just like, "oh, I have to put that in the center." Originally the center channel was supposed to be me and then I was going to put Kurt in left or right and Andrew in left or right. The first solo we recorded was Andrew and he played this amazing solo and I felt like I was reduced to ashes. I had to do mine a couple times because I wasn't in the right frame of mind to do it after Andrew had done it. My ego was getting in the way. I subsequently played a couple of really bad solos but Kurt and Andrew's are first takes.

GMF: Was that sketched out before you went into the studio or...
SL: I recorded the track and was like, let's record a long vamp at the end, that's over four or five minutes, and then I want to put three guitar solos over it and see what it sounds like. Because I think Kurt is killer and Andrew's killer and I wouldn't put myself in the same league as those guys but umm...

GMF: But you kind of did because your performance is quite good.

SL: Uh, if you can tell which one is me I hit a clam in there somewhere. It's the one note on the record that I don't like.

GMF: That must have been quite a thrill though to be trading guitar solos with guys of that stature.

SL: Oh sure, definitely. It was a thrill just to be involved with everybody on the project. From having Kurt produce it to having Mike play drums on it and to have Dave Fox as well as Gene, who is someone who I respect and is someone who has been very influential on me in general.

GMF: How did the band get started? How much history is there previous to the record coming together?

SL: It's strictly a vanity project. I had a friend of mine, her name is Kellie, from Australia, who was staying with me in the states for awhile. She became friends with Dave and Mike and subsequently I got to know Dave and Mike a little better than I did before. And she was like, "you should get those guys to play those songs with you." I thought, "sure, maybe." I asked them and they were up for it. I was thrilled to death so I gave them a CD of demos that I had, just intending to record five or 10 songs as an EP or something. Then we ended up learning 13 or 14 songs. We practiced once a week for two

Betti-Cola



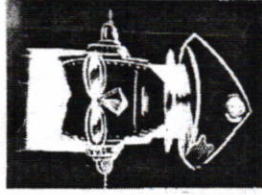
A Go
Metric!



chat



with



(This interview with premier Archie Comics artist Dan DeCarlo takes place at the Chicago ComiCon at the easy-off, impossible-on main ballroom of the Ramada Inn in Rosemont, IL.)

NORB: Excuse me sir, may I ask you a question?

DAN DeCARLO: Go ahead.

NORB: Did you do the cover art for the "Betti-Cola" EP by a Canadian band called "Cub?"

DAN DeCARLO: Wot?

NORB: A band called "Cub," from Canada. Did you do record art for them?

DAN DeCARLO: A club?

NORB: "Cub," the name of the band was "Cub." They put out a record, I think it had your artwork on the cover.

DAN DeCARLO: "Cup?" No, I...

NORB: CUB, C-U-B, CUB. From Canada. A band!

DAN DeCARLO: No, I never...oh, CUB! Yeah, yeah I did that! How in the WORLD did you ever pick that out?

NORB: I dunno, it was kind of obvious...

MRS. DeCARLO: You've got a very unique style, honey.

DAN DeCARLO: ...I did that, and I wanted to ink it, but they said no, we'll ink it up here, so I sent it up to Canada, and they inked it there, and they screwed it all up! There weren't enough blacks! Those figures in the foreground dancing, those should have been silhouettes! It was ALL

SCREWED UP!

NORB: Well, that's what you get when you send rock'n'rollers to do an artist's job.

DAN DeCARLO: I guess so!

I also got to shake Lou Ferrigno's hand. What some pipes that dude still has! He wasn't all green, though. I woulda rather met Bill Bixby. I asked him what he would do if he were invisible for a day, but that question seemed to be too hard for him. I also met Dick Ayers!!! I told him he was my third favorite inker of all time, he didn't seem particularly honored to hear that. I wound up dumping \$300 on an original Kirby/Ayers Rawhide Kid page from 1961 or '62 (bearing in mind, of course, that had this been an original Kirby/Ayers superhero page from the same time frame, it would be selling for THOUSANDS), and since it was already signed by The King, I went back over to Dick "Third Best" Ayers and had him autograph it as well. I'm glad he didn't get all spiteful and draw a Hitler mustache on the Kid or anything. I also got to meet Jeffrey Mow & W.C. Carani, former art team on the Legion of Super-Heroes for the last five years, recently shitcanned in favor of new old "grim & gritty" angle, they were awfully nice so I bought a Mow Legion page for thirty bucks. The guy even ended our conversation with "Long Live the Legion!", what a nerd. Sweet,

though. I also bought a bunch of old DC letters pages (?) circa '70/'71, five for \$20. The type is brown and peeling off most of them, but the photostats of the various letters page logos ("JLA Mail Room", the ever-popular "Green Lantern's Mail Chute", etc.) are holding up rather well. I saw a few copies of Police there, nothing under \$45. I also found exactly ZERO pre-superhero Kirby/Ayers Marvel Monster comics under \$15. What a rip. Oh well, guess I'm off to go masturbate in front of my Kirby, hi-yo silver, or local equivalent

norb

I would, however, like there to be a footnote of sorts of a quasi-apologetic nature re: my saying my question was "too hard" for Lou Ferrigno. I forgot he was hearing impaired. I thought that was Arnold Schwarzenegger!

KEY

1-The dashed line represents the Tropic of Cancer
2-The bit located due north of this key is a sequel of sorts to North's chat with Buck
3-The bit found northeast of here is just another excuse to mention The Figgs
4-The bit to the right depicts Gene Hackman in *The Conversation*, usually we don't take the time to do the clip art but *The Conversation* is excellent!

Scott Lee is best known as the Fastbacks'

Superfan. As such, he has taken fandom to new heights. Not in a creepy, stalker kind of way. Anything but. Scott has gotten to know and become friends with the Fastbacks. Among other activities he's the curatory of the Fastbacks website, documents their storied history of revolving drummers (maintaining appropriate charts and graphs), and wrote a four-piece article on the band for *Hit List* (issues #1-#4). But he's more than just a fan, or even a Superfan. He is also a performer in his own right. He fronts Marshall Artist and their debut CD, *Your King Fu is Pretty Good* is amazing. As part of our series of interviews with fans, I certainly wanted to talk about Scott's appreciation for the Fastbacks but I also wanted to focus on the criminally overlooked Marshall Artist CD.

As that CD is discussed in great depth in the interview it is only appropriate to offer some background. *Your King Fu is Pretty Good* was originally released on

Scott's label, Superfan Records. It was later re-released by Coldfront Records. As you might guess, the record sounds a lot like the Fastbacks but Scott, and his cohort Gene, certainly add their touches. Their rhythm section consisted of Dave Fox (bass) and Mike Musburger (drums), the same duo that played on the Posies' ultra-amazing *Frosting on the Beater* (and Mike has also played with the Fastbacks). The Fastbacks' Kurt Bloch produced the record (and played on one song) while fellow Fastback Kim Warnick makes a guest appearance.

Scott is also an incredible nice (and patient) guy who delivered a truly enjoyable interview. In addition to Marshall Artist and the Fastbacks conversation also covered the Young Fresh Fellows and King Crimson. Don't ask, read on! (Interview by Mike Faloon)

SCOTT LEE



Go Metric's

Lyrics Hall of Fame (Induction #7)

"Bad Luck Sammie"

Walking 'cross the street he was hit by a truck
Girlfriend swung at him, he forgot to duck
Thinkin' 'bout the Christmas cards he forgot to send
Wind kicked up and took his money at the ATM

Bad Luck Sammie, he ain't got a friend

After taxes and death it won't matter in the end
Bad Luck Sammie, he ain't got a clue

The satisfaction that he got was all because of you

Trip to the Grand Canyon, pictures didn't turn out
Got a car for graduation, transmission burnt out
Football favorites have always been the Patriots
Losing ticket for the lotto, bought one every day

Chorus

He always knows just how not to do it
You always know somehow we'll make it through it

After much too long he'll be lyin' in his grave
Thinkin' about the Marlboro miles he forgot to save
He never got his break, he never had a clue
The satisfaction that he had was all because of you

Chorus (x2)

Written by:

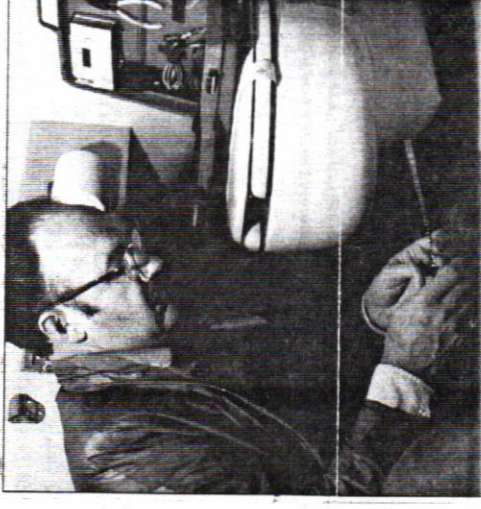
Guy Lyons

Performed by:

The Figgs

From the Capitol release:

Banda Macho (1996)



MEET THE NEW HEAD HENCHMAN... PRINCE MISERY!

When Hijinks was pulled feet-first into the spinning rotor of James Bond's top-secret nuclear-powered Minivan/Submarine/Gyrocopter, S.P.E.C.T.R.E. lost more than just our head henchman: We lost the office prankster, the best volleyball player in the volcano, and a good friend. Like Cerebus always says, however, "The globe's not going to dominate itself!" and the search for a new go-to guy was on. When the resumes were read, the

interviews completed, and the "Fenced In Arena of Painful Death Sports" hosed down, one man stood head and shoulders above the rest. Meet **Prince Misery**, our new head henchman! Misery hails from "somewhere in the Middle East" and promises to "inspire discipline through fear." This is Misery's first Head Henchman position, but he Peoned under the great Matsuhiro and once owned a non-alcoholic nightclub ("For the kids," he says) with OddJob. Say... we all know that Hijinks had that cane that turned into a chain whip. What new trick will Prince Misery use on MI5? "I can throw my ring through a cinder block," Misery says. "Hijinks left big shoes, but I have big feet!" Welcome aboard, Prince!



Quiz Question: At 7'11", Prince Misery is the second tallest henchman ever. Who was the tallest? The first correct answer gets an "I HB BOND" coffee mug filled with Jelly Belly's®! Send your entries to Tom Martin in Human Resources.

JULY

Good! @09889888
JAMES- WE FOUND THIS ON
A BOY THAT FROD
ASHORE TUESDAY- FRIDAY
WE CAN MAKE NEITHER
HEADS NOR TAILS DA IT-
ANY IDEAS? Q



CONGRATULATIONS TO ROBERT PINSKY AND LAURA ZOLAR-PINSKY! THE NEWLYWEDS MET RIGHT HERE IN RESTRICTED LAB 4. "WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DEVELOPING A VIRUS THAT WOULD TURN PEOPLE INSIDE OUT," SAYS ROB. "BUT WE DEVELOPED SOMETHING ELSE — LOVE!"



"Cerebus hired me for one reason and one reason only: Establish a S.P.E.C.T.R.E. base on Mars by the end of fiscal year 2001," says new hire **Dan Baum**. It'll be tough — the technology for such a move doesn't exist yet, and Baum will, of course, pay with his life if he fails. Still, he's willing to try. "Volcanoes are so... yesterday," he relates. "A Mars base will give us a leg up on MI5 and our other competitors, Napster included. S.P.E.C.T.R.E. is committed to conquering not just Earth, but any other planets we come across."

PROMOTIONS

- MARK FORSTER**, TO LACKEY
- JACK RASMUSSEN**, TO PIRANHA WRANGLER, 1st CLASS
- EDWARD LOMBARDO**, TO DIRECTOR, SPACE STATION DEVELOPMENT
- JASON DEROSSA**, TO BULLY BOY
- DR. DANIEL VOLPE**, TO DEATH RAY TECHNICIAN
- BOB MEADOWS**, TO EXPENDABLE
- PEON**, 2nd CLASS
- KRISTEN ARDIGO**, TO ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE



WHAT ELSE IS NEW...

S.P.E.C.T.R.E. will sponsor the 1st Annual Hijinks Memorial 5K on June 24. In memory of Hijinks, proceeds will benefit victims of Tourette's Syndrome as well as our local cat shelter. • Good news for those Sectors partially destroyed by the premature firing of the M1024 "HEMISPHERE ENSLAYER" Death Ray. The new copiers will be up and running by Tuesday, May 21. • In compliance with Federal law, there will be NO SMOKING anywhere in the volcano lair starting July 1st. • Ammunition Requisitions and Vacation Request forms can now be downloaded from S.P.E.C.T.R.E. Online. • Those workers in Sector G2 who came into contact with Baroness Von Sexhoffer are urged to report to first aid immediately for the antidote to the slow-acting poison in the Baroness's lipstick. Management reminds workers that no man can satisfy Baroness Von Sexhoffer. • Last month's seminar ("Investing the Millions of Dollars in Gold Bullion Cerebus Has Promised Me in Return for Absolute and Unquestioning Loyalty") was so well attended that the series has been extended. This month's topic is "Protecting Yourself and Your Family from Lyme Disease." • "OPERATION "PANDAMAN", Cerebus's pet project to create an army of super-soldiers by melding the intelligence of man with the speed and self-preservation instinct of the Giant Panda, has been shelved indefinitely. But don't be discouraged: PROJECT "SWAPLLAMA" has been okayed by the Board, and "volunteer" brain donors will be culled by lottery drawing with the winners notified by Security. Good luck, everybody!